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MISCELLANIES

IN

PROSE AND VERSE.

Capt.ⁿ. Tho.ˢ. Harris.

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IN

PROSE AND VERSE.

BY

CAPTAIN THOMAS MORRIS.

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1791.

PREAMBLE.

SOME reaſon perhaps ought to be aſſigned for my troubling the public with the following narrative. I ſhall ſatisfy thoſe who may be of that opinion both with reſpect to it and the other writings contained in this volume. The truth is this: the Journal had lain for many years in a cheſt among other papers, unſeen either by myſelf or my friends. But on a late unſucceſsful event, I thought that, for the benefit of my children, I ought to attempt to repair the injury I had done them by my ſpeculations, and as every one who knew the

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ſtory of my adventures in America, allowed that I had a claim on government, I determined to make it. I therefore drew up a memorial to his Majeſty, ſetting forth, that my grandfather, my father, and myſelf had all been captains in the 17th regiment of foot, and my uncle Lieutenant Colonel to that regiment, &c. To this I annexed the following Journal. But having in vain ſought a mediator between Majeſty and me, I dropt all thoughts of the memorial. It happened ſoon after that I entreated a reſpectable gentleman of my acquaintance, a man of letters in whoſe judgment I place implicit faith, to criticiſe my tranſlation of Racine's Phædra. This he very kindly undertook, and even ſpoke to Mr. Harris concerning it, who, with great politeneſs, offered me his theatre, if a principal performer, whom he named, would undertake the chief character. I read the play to that performer; but the length of ſome of the ſpeeches, though ſhortened as far as my

own

own judgment would permit, its being a tranſlation, though of the fineſt tragedy the French can boaſt; the extravagant encomiums, which I laviſhed on Mademoiſelle Dumènil, whoſe manner of acting I wiſhed her to imitate, &c. &c. &c. made her lukewarm, when I wanted her to be an enthuſiaſt: ſo that deſign was dropped. One day, however, previous to this, when the gentleman, whom I have mentioned, had been employed in examining the original, while I read the tranſlation; at the concluſion of the buſineſs, I ſaid: "I have here an attempt at an ode; "'tis a new fancy of mine: 'tis in honour of "the national aſſembly of France." He read it, and deſired that it might be publiſhed in a newſpaper: and he afterwards encouraged me to publiſh three more, which, together with the firſt, are in this volume, and alſo another, not publiſhed before. I then read to him ſome remarks on the poetical elocution of the theatre, and on the manner of acting tragedy;

gedy: theſe he likewiſe adviſed me to publiſh in a volume, together with the odes and other pieces of poetry. Some time after I ſpoke by accident of my memorial and journal. He was ſurpriſed at my account of an adventure which, in the courſe of fifteen years acquaintance, he had never heard me mention. After taking it home and reading it, he adviſed me to print the Journal with my odes, &c. to complete the volume; for though neither the volume nor the Journal, as he ſaid, might be of uſe to me, they might, poſſibly, ſome time or other, procure a friend or protector to one of my children. I have followed his advice. This is a plain and ſimple tale, accounting for my preſumption in offering to the public an old ſtory relating to one whoſe wiſh uſed to be, to lie concealed in domeſtic life; a wiſh, in which he has been amply gratified by the very obliging ſilence of ſome of his neareſt connexions.

JOURNAL

JOURNAL

OF

CAPTAIN THOMAS MORRIS,

OF

His Majeſty's XVII Regiment of Infantry.

GENERAL Bradſtreet, who commanded an army ſent againſt thoſe Indian nations who had cut off ſeveral Engliſh garriſons, of which we had taken poſſeſſion after the ſurrender of Canada, having too haſtily determined to ſend an officer to take poſſeſſion alſo of the Ilinois country in his Britannic Majeſty's name, ſent his Aid de Camp to ſound me on the occaſion. His Aid de Camp deſired me to recommend ſome officer with qualities he deſcribed. I named every one that I could recol-

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lect; but he always anſwered me ſhortly: "No, "no; he won't do." I then began to ſuſpect that he might have a deſign on myſelf. Accordingly I ſaid: "If I thought my ſervices would be accept- "able"——He interrupted me: "That is what is "wanted." I replied: "Why did you not ſay ſo "at firſt?" He ſaid, with an oath: "It is not a "thing to be aſked of any man." I anſwered: "If "the General thinks me the propereſt perſon, I am "ready." I was immediately conducted to the General; and while I was at dinner with him, he ſaid, in his frank manner: "Morris, I have a "French fellow here, my priſoner, who expects to "be hanged for treaſon; he ſpeaks all the Indian "languages, and if you think he can be of uſe to "you, I'll ſend for him, pardon him, and ſend him "with you." I anſwered: "I am glad you have "thought of it, Sir; I wiſh you would." The priſoner, whoſe name was Godefroi, was accordingly ſent for; and, as ſoon as he entered the tent, he turned pale, and fell on his knees, begging for mercy. The General telling him that it was in his power to hang him, concluded with ſaying: "I give thee thy "life; take care of this gentleman." The man expreſſed

expreſſed a grateful ſenſe of the mercy ſhewn him, and proteſted that he would be faithful: and indeed his behaviour afterwards proved that he was ſincere in his promiſe. As General Bradſtreet had pardoned him on my account, he conſidered me as his deliverer. Little minds hate obligations; and thence the tranſition is eaſy to the hatred of their benefactor: this man's ſoul was of another make, and, though in a low ſtation, a noble pride urged him to throw a heavier weight of obligation on him to whom he thought he was indebted for his liberty, if not his life; and I had the ſingular ſatisfaction of owing thoſe bleſſings to one who fancied he owed the ſame to me.

While I was preparing to ſet out, the boats being almoſt loaden with our proviſions and neceſſaries, the Aid de Camp told me, that if the Indian deputies, who were expected to arrive at the camp that evening, did not come, the Uttawaw village, where I was to lie that night, would be attacked at three o'clock in the morning; "but that," added he, "will make no difference in your affairs." I was aſtoniſhed that the General could think ſo: but I made no reply to him, and we talked of other mat-

ters. However, as I was ſtepping into my boat, ſome canoes appeared, and I came on ſhore again, and found they were the Indian deputies who were expected. This I thought a very happy incident for me; and having received proper powers and inſtructions I ſet out in good ſpirits from Cedar Point, in Lake Erie, on the 26th of Auguſt, 1764, about four o'clock in the afternoon, at the ſame time that the army proceeded for Detroit. My eſcort conſiſted of Godefroi, and another Canadian, two ſervants, twelve Indians, our allies, and five Mohawks, with a boat in which were our proviſions, who were to attend us to the ſwifts of the Miamis river, about ten leagues diſtant, and then return to the army. I had with me likewiſe Warſong, the great Chippawaw chief, and Attawang, an Uttawaw chief, with ſome other Indians of their nations, who had come the ſame day to our camp with propoſals of peace. We lay that night at the mouth of the Miamis river.

I was greatly delighted on obſerving the difference of temper betwixt theſe Indian ſtrangers and thoſe of my old acquaintance of the five nations. Godefroi was employed in interpreting to me all their pleaſantries;

pleaſantries; and I thought them the moſt agreeable ralliers I had ever met with. As all men love thoſe who reſemble themſelves, the ſprightly manners of the French cannot fail to recommend them to theſe ſavages, as our grave deportment is an advantage to us among our Indian neighbours; for it is certain that a reſerved Engliſhmen differs not more from a lively Frenchman than does a ſtern Mohawk from a laughing Chippawaw. The next day (27th) we arrived at the Swifts, ſix leagues from the mouth of the river, and the Uttawaw chief ſent to his village for horſes. Soon after a party of young Indians came to us on horſeback, and the two Canadians and myſelf having mounted, we proceeded, together with the twelve Indians my eſcort, who were on foot, and marched in the front, the chief carrying Engliſh colours, towards the village, which was two leagues and a half diſtant. On our approaching it, I was aſtoniſhed to ſee a great number of white flags flying; and, paſſing by the encampment of the Miamis, while I was admiring the regularity and contrivance of it, I heard a yell, and found myſelf ſurrounded by Pondiac's army, conſiſting of ſix hundred ſavages, with tommahawks in their hands, who

who beat my horſe, and endeavoured to ſeparate me from my Indians, at the head of whom I had placed myſelf on our diſcovering the village. By their malicious ſmiles, it was eaſy for me to gueſs their intention of putting me to death. They led me up to a perſon, who ſtood advanced before two ſlaves (priſoners of the Panis nation, taken in war and kept in ſlavery) who had arms, himſelf holding a fuſee with the butt on the ground. By his dreſs, and the air he aſſumed, he appeared to be a French officer: I afterwards found that he was a native of old France, had been long in the regular troops as a drummer, and that his war-name was St. Vincent. This fine dreſſed half French, half Indian figure deſired me to diſmount; a bear-ſkin was ſpread on the ground, and St. Vincent and I ſat upon it, the whole Indian army, circle within circle, ſtanding round us. Godefroi ſat at a little diſtance from us; and preſently came Pondiac, and ſquatted himſelf, after his faſhion, oppoſite to me. This Indian has a more extenſive power than ever was known among that people; for every chief uſed to command his own tribe: but eighteen nations, by French intrigue, had been brought to unite, and chuſe this man for

for their commander, after the Engliſh had conquered Canada; having been taught to believe that, aided by France, they might make a vigorous puſh and drive us out of North America. Pondiac aſked me in his language, which Godefroi interpreted, "whether I was come to tell lies, like the reſt of "my countrymen." He ſaid, "That Ononteeo "(the French king) was not cruſhed as the Engliſh "had reported, but had got upon his legs again," and preſented me a letter from New Orleans, directed to him, written in French, full of the moſt improbable falſehoods, though beginning with a truth. The writer mentioned the repulſe of the Engliſh troops in the Miſſiſſippi, who were going to take poſſeſſion of Fort Chartres, blamed the Natchez nation for their ill conduct in that affair, made our loſs in that attack to be very conſiderable, and concluded with aſſuring him, that a French army was landed in Louiſiana, and that his father (the French king) would drive the Engliſh out of the country. I began to reaſon with him; but St. Vincent hurried me away to his cabin; where, when he talked to me of the French army, I aſked him if he though me fool enough to give credit to that account;

count; and told him that none but the ſimple Indians could be ſo credulous. Attawang, the Uttawaw chief, came to ſeek me, and carried me to his cabin. The next day (28th) I went to the grand council, and addreſſed the chiefs. When I mentioned that their father, the king of France, had ceded thoſe countries to their brother the king of England, (for ſo the two kings are called by the Indians) the great Miamis chief ſtarted up and ſpoke very loud, in his ſingular language, and laughed. Godefroi whiſpered me, that it was very lucky that he received my intelligence with contempt and not anger, and deſired me to ſay no more, but ſit down, and let my chief ſpeak; accordingly I ſat down, and he produced his belts, and ſpoke. I have called the Miamis tongue a ſingular language; becauſe its has no affinity in its ſound with any other Indian language which I have heard. It is much wondered whence this nation came; who differ as much from all the other nations in their ſuperſtitious practices, as in their ſpeech, and manner of encamping. As they left the Uttawaw villages before me on their way home, we traced their encampments, where we ſaw their offerings of tobacco, made by every individual

vidual each morning, ranged in the niceſt order, on long ſlips of bark both on the ſhore, and on rocks in the river. They carry their God in a bag, which is hung in the front of their encampment, and is viſited by none but the prieſt; if any other perſon preſumes to advance between the front of the encampment and that ſpirit in the bag, he is put to death: and I was told that a drunken French ſoldier, who had done ſo, was with great difficulty ſaved. When the council was over, St. Vincent changed his note, and told me that if I could enſure to him his pardon, he would go to Detroit. I anſwered him, "that it was not in my power to promiſe it." However, as I found that I could not well do without him, I contrived to make him my friend. Pondiac ſaid to my chief: "If "you have made peace with the Engliſh, we have "no buſineſs to make war on them. The war-belts "came from you." He afterwards ſaid to Godefroi: "I will lead the nations to war no more; "let'em be at peace, if they chuſe it: but I my-"ſelf will never be a friend to the Engliſh. I "ſhall now become a wanderer in the woods; and "if they come to ſeek me there, while I have an ar-

" row left, I will ſhoot at them." This I imagined he ſaid in deſpair, and gave it as my opinion, that he might eaſily be won to our intereſt; and it afterwards proved ſo. He made a ſpeech to the chiefs, who wanted to put me to death, which does him honour; and ſhews that he was acquainted with the law of nations: " We muſt not," ſaid he, " kill " ambaſſadors: do we not ſend them to the Flat-" heads, our greateſt enemies, and they to us? Yet " theſe are always treated with hoſpitality." The following day (29th) the Mokawk, who commanded the Indians in the proviſion-boat, ſtole away, without taking my letter to General Bradſtreet, as he had been ordered, having, the night before, robbed us of almoſt every thing, and ſold my rum (two barrels) to the Uttawaws. The greater part of the warriors got drunk; and a young Indian drew his knife, and made a ſtroke at me; but Godefroi ſeized his arm, threw him down, and took the knife from him. He certainly ſaved my life, for I was ſitting, and could not have avoided the blow though I ſaw it coming. I was now concealed under my matreſs, as all the young Indians were determined to murder me; was afterwards obliged to put on Indian ſhoes and cover

cover myſelf with a blanket to look like a ſavage, and eſcape by fording the river into a field of Indian corn with St. Vincent, Godefroi, and the other Canadian. Pondiac aſked Godefroi, who returned to the village to ſee what was going on, "what he "had done with the Engliſh man." And being told, he ſaid, "you have done well." Attawang came to ſee me, and made his two ſons guard me. Two Kickapoo chiefs came to me, and ſpoke kindly, telling me that they had not been at war with the Engliſh for ſeven years. Two Miamis came likewiſe, and told me that I need not be afraid to go to their village. A Huron woman however abuſed me becauſe the Engliſh had killed her ſon. Late at night I returned to Attawang's cabin, where I found my ſervant concealed under a blanket, the Indians having attempted to murder him; but they had been prevented by St. Vincent. There was an alarm in the night, a drunken Indian having been ſeen at the ſkirt of the wood. One of the Delaware nation, who happened to be with Pondiac's army, paſſing by the cabin where I lay, called out in broken Engliſh: "D——d ſon of a b——ch." All this while I ſaw none of my own Indians: I be-

lieve their ſituation was almoſt as perilous as my own. The following day (30th) the Miamis and Kickapoos ſet out on their return home, as proviſions were growing ſcarce. An Indian, called the little chief, told Godefroi that he would ſend his ſon with me, and made me a preſent of a volume of Shakeſpear's plays; a ſingular gift from a ſavage. He however begged a little gun-powder in return, a commodity to him much more precious than diamonds. The next day (31ſt) I gave Attawang, who was going to Detroit, a letter for General Bradſtreet, and to one of my ſervants whom I ſent along with this chief, I gave another for his Aid de Camp. And now, having purchaſed three horſes and hired two canoes to carry our little baggage, I ſet out once more, having obtained Pondiac's conſent, for the Ilinois country, with my twelve Indians, the two Canadians, one ſervant, St. Vincent's two ſlaves, and the little chief's ſon and nephew. There was ſcarcely any water in the channel of the river, owing to the great drought, ſo that the canoes could hardly be dragged along empty in ſome places. We paſſed by the iſland where is Pondiac's village, and arrived at a little village conſiſting of only two pretty

pretty large cabins, and three ſmall ones, and here we encamped: that is, we lay on the ground; and as a diſtinguiſhed perſonage, I was honoured by having a few ſmall branches under me, and a ſort of baſket-work made by bending boughs with their ends fixed in the earth, for me to thruſt my head under to avoid the muſketoes or large gnats with which that country is infeſted. The day following (Auguſt 1ſt) arrived St. Vincent and Pondiac. The latter gave the former the great belt, forty years old, on which were deſcribed two hundred and ten villages. St. Vincent joined us, and we ſet forward, and arrived at another village of the Uttawaws, the laſt of their villages we had to paſs. One of the chiefs of this village gave me his hand, and led us into the cabin for ſtrangers, where was Katapelleecy, a chief of very great note, who gave his hand to all my fellow-travellers, but not to me. This man was a famous dreamer, and told St. Vincent that he had talked with the great ſpirit the preceding night; and had he happened to dream any thing to my diſadvantage the night I lay there, it had been over with me. The Indian who gave me his hand, went into the upper range of beds, and came down dreſſed in a laced ſcarlet

let coat with blue cuffs, and a laced hat. I wondered more at the colour of the cloaths than at the finery; and was told that it was a preſent from the Engliſh, and that this Indian had conducted Sir William Johnſon to Detroit. The next morning (2d) he told me the Engliſh were liars; that if I ſpoke falſehoods he ſhould know it, and aſked why the General deſired to ſee the Indians at Detroit, and if he would cloathe them. I aſſured him that the General ſought their friendſhip; and gave him, at his own requeſt, a letter of recommendation to him. We then continued our route towards the Miamis country, putting our baggage into the canoes, but the greater part of us went by land, as the water was ſo ſhallow, that thoſe who worked the canoes were frequently obliged to wade and drag them along. We met an Indian and his wife in a canoe returning from hunting; and bought plenty of veniſon ready dreſſed, ſome turkeys, and a great deal of dried fiſh for a ſmall quantity of powder and ſhot. The following day (3d) we were over-taken by Pondiac's nephew and two other young Uttawaws, who, with the Chippawaws before-mentioned, made the party twenty-four. We met an Indian who, as we afterwards

wards found, had been deſpatched to Pondiac with belts from the Shawaneſe and Delawares; but he would not ſtop to talk to us. This day I ſaw made the moſt extraordinary meal to which I ever was or ever can be witneſs. Till theſe laſt named Indians joined us we had killed nothing but a very large wild cat, called a pichou, which indeed was very good eating: but this day we eat two deer, ſome wild turkeys, wild geeſe, and wild ducks, beſides a great quantity of Indian corn. Of the wild ducks and Indian corn we made broth; the Indians made ſpoons of the bark of a tree in a few minutes, and, for the firſt time, I eat of boiled wild duck. When we marched on after dinner, I could perceive no fragments left. What an Indian can eat is ſcarcely credible to thoſe who have not ſeen it. Indeed the Frenchmen, who had been uſed to ſavage life, expreſſed their aſtoniſhment at the quantity which had been devoured. The next day (4th) we found plenty of game, having ſufficient time to hunt for it, as the canoes were for the greateſt part of the day dragged along, there not being water ſufficient to float them. The day after (5th) we met an Indian on a handſome white horſe, which had been General Braddock's,

Braddock's, and had been taken ten years before when that General was killed on his march to Fort du Queſne, afterwards called Fort Pitt, on the Ohio. The following day (6th) we arrived at a rocky ſhoal, where the water was not more than two or three inches deep, and found a great number of young Indians ſpearing fiſh with ſticks burnt at the end and ſharpened; an art at which they are very dexterous; for the chief, who ſteered my canoe with a ſetting-pole (no oars being uſed the whole way), whenever he ſaw a fiſh, uſed to ſtrike it through with his pole, though the end had been blunted and made as flat and broad as a ſhilling, pin it to the ground, then lift it out of the water, and ſhake it into the boat. I never ſaw him miſs a fiſh which he took aim at. The day after, on the ſeventh of September, in the morning we got into eaſy water, and arrived at the meadow near the Miamis fort, pretty early in the day. We were met at the bottom of the meadow by almoſt the whole village, who had brought ſpears and tommahawks, in order to deſpatch me; even little children had bows and arrows to ſhoot at the Engliſhman who was come among them; but I had the good fortune to ſtay in the canoe,

canoe, reading the tragedy of Anthony and Cleopatra, in the volume of Shakeſpear which the little chief had given me, when the reſt went on ſhore, though perfectly ignorant of their intention, I puſhed the canoe over to the other ſide of the river, where I ſaw a man cutting wood. I was ſurpriſed to hear him ſpeak Engliſh. On queſtoning him I found he was a priſoner, had been one of Lieutenant Holmes's garriſon at the Miamis Fort, which officer the Indians had murdered, a young ſquaw whom he kept having enticed him out of the garriſon under a pretext of her mother's wanting to be bled. They cut off his head, brought it to the fort, and threw it into the coporal's bed, and afterwards killed all the garriſon except five or ſix whom they reſerved as victims to be ſacrificed when they ſhould loſe a man in their wars with the Engliſh. They had all been killed except this one man whom an old ſquaw had adopted as her ſon. Some years afterwards, when I lay on board a tranſport in the harbour of New York, in order to return to Europe, Sir Henry Moore, then governor of that province, came to bid me adieu, and was rowed on board by this very man among others. The man immediately recollected

me; and we felt, on ſeeing each other, what thoſe only can feel who have been in the like ſituations. On our arrival at the fort, the chiefs aſſembled, and paſſed me by, when they preſented the pipe of friendſhip; on which I looked at Godefroi, and ſaid: "Mauvais augure pour moi." A bad omen for me. Nor was I miſtaken; for they led my Indians to the village, on the other ſide of the water, and told me to ſtay in the fort with the French inhabitants; though care had been taken to forbid them to receive me into their houſes, and ſome ſtrings of wampum, on which the French had ſpoken to ſpare my life, had been refuſed. We wondered at this treatment, as we expected that I ſhould be civilly received; but ſoon learned that this change of temper was owing to the Shawaneſe and Delawares, a deputation of fifteen of them having come there with fourteen belts and ſix ſtrings of wampum; who, in the name of their nations, and of the Senecas, declared they would periſh to a man before they would make peace with the Engliſh: ſeven of them had returned to their villages; five were gone to Wyaut; and three had ſet out the morning I had arrived for St. Joſeph; (a fortunate circumſtance for me, for they had

had determined to kill me). The Shawaneſe and Delawares begged of the Miamis either to put us to death (the Indians and myſelf) or to tie us and ſend us priſoners to their villages, or at leaſt to make us return. They loaded the Engliſh with the heavieſt reproaches; and added, that while the ſun ſhone they would be at enmity with us. The Kiccapoos, Maſcoutins, and Wiatanons, who happened to be at the Miamis village declared, that they would diſpatch me at their villages, if the Miamis ſhould let me paſs. The Shawaneſe and Delawares concluded their ſpeeches with ſaying: "This is the laſt belt we ſhall "ſend you, till we ſend the hatchet; which will be "about the end of next month (October)." Doubtleſs their deſign was to amuſe General Bradſtreet with fair language, to cut off his army at Sanduſky, when leaſt expected, and then to ſend the hatchet to the nations: a plan well laid; but of which it was my good fortune to prevent them from attempting the execution. To return to myſelf: I remained in the fort, and two Indian warriors (one of whom was called Viſenlair) with tommahawks in their hands, ſiezed me, one by each arm; on which I turned to Godefroi, the only perſon who had not left me, and

cried out to him, ſeeing him ſtand motionleſs and pale: "Eh bien! Vous m' abandonnez donc?" Well then! You give me up? He anſwered: "Non, mon capitaine, je ne vous abandonnerai "jamais," No, my captain, I will never give you up; and followed the Indians, who pulled me along to the water-ſide, where I imagined they intended to put me into a canoe; but they dragged me into the water. I concluded their whim was to drown me, and then ſcalp me; but I ſoon found my miſtake, the river being fordable. They led me on till we came near their village; and there they ſtopped and ſtripped me. They could not get off my ſhirt, which was held by the wriſt bands, after they had pulled it over my head, and in rage and deſpair I tore it off myſelf. They then bound my arms with my ſaſh, and drove me before them to a cabin, where was a bench, on which they made me ſit. The whole village was now in an uproar. Godefroi prevailed with St. Vincent, who had followed us to the water-ſide, but had turned back, to come along with him; and encouraged Pondiac's nephew and the little chief's ſon to take my part. St. Vincent brought the great belt, and Pondiac's nephew ſpoke. Nanamis,

mis, an Indian, bid Godefroi take courage, and not quit me. Godefroi told le Cygne, a Miamis chief, that his children where at Detroit; and that, if they killed me, he could not tell what might befal them. He ſpoke likewiſe to le Cygne's ſon, who whiſpered his father, and the father came and unbound my arms, and gave me his pipe to ſmoke. Viſenlair, upon my ſpeaking, got up and tied me by the neck to a poſt. And now every one was preparing to act his part in torturing me. The uſual modes of torturing priſoners are applying hot ſtones to the ſoles of the feet, running hot needles into the eyes, which latter cruelty is generally performed by the women, and ſhooting arrows and running and pulling them out of the ſufferer in order to ſhoot them again and again: this is generally done by the children. The torture is often continued two or three days, if they can contrive to keep the priſoner alive ſo long. Theſe modes of torture I ſhould not have mentioned, if the gentleman who adviſed me to publiſh my journal, had not thought it neceſſary. It may eaſily be conceived what I muſt have felt at the thought of ſuch horrors which I was to endure. I recollect perfectly what my apprehenſions were. I had

had not the ſmalleſt hope of life; and I remember that I conceived myſelf as it were going to plunge into a gulf, vaſt, immeaſurable; and that, in a few moments after, the thought of torture occaſioned a ſort of torpor and inſenſibility; and I looked at Godefroi, and ſeeing him exceedingly diſtreſſed, I ſaid what I could to encourage him: but he deſired me not to ſpeak. I ſuppoſed that it gave offence to the ſavages, and therefore was ſilent; when Pacanne, king of the Miamis nation, and juſt out of his minority, having mounted a horſe and croſſed the river, rode up to me. When I heard him calling out to thoſe about me, and felt his hand behind my neck, I thought he was going to ſtrangle me out of pity: but he untied me, ſaying (as it was afterwards interpreted to me) I give that man his life. "If you "want meat (for they ſometimes eat their priſoners) "go to Detroit, or upon the lake (meaning go face "your enemies the Engliſh) and you'll find enough. "What buſineſs have you with this man's fleſh, "who is come to ſpeak to us?" I fixed my eyes ſtedfaſtly on this young man, and endeavoured by looks to expreſs my gratitude. An Indian then preſented me his pipe; and I was diſmiſſed by being puſhed

puſhed rudely away. I made what haſte I could to a canoe, and paſſed over to the fort, having received on my way a ſmart cut of a ſwitch from an Indian on horſeback. Mr. Levi, a Jew trader, and ſome ſoldiers, who were priſoners, came to ſee me. Two very handſome young Indian women came likewiſe, ſeemed to compaſſionate me extremely, and aſked Godefroi a thouſand queſtions. If I remember right, they were the young king's ſiſters. Happy Don Quixote, attended by princeſſes! I was never left alone, as the wretches, who ſtripped and tied me, were always lurking about to find an opportunity to ſtab me. I lay in the houſe of one L'Eſperance, a Frenchman. The next day my Indians ſpoke on their belts. The two wretches ſtill ſought an opportunity to kill me. The day following the Miamis returned their anſwer: "That we muſt go "back;" ſhewed the belts of the Senecas, Shawaneſe, and Delawares; gave my Indians a ſmall ſtring of white wampum; and told them: "to go and in-"form their chiefs of what they had ſeen and heard." While the council ſat I was concealed in L'Eſperance's garret, as Godefroi was obliged to attend it. Being determined at all events to get into the Ilinois country

country if poſſible, St. Vincent and I agreed, that he ſhould endeavour to gain le Cygne and the young king to attend me to Wyaut : but, in the middle of the night, St. Vincent came and awoke me, told me that two Frenchmen were juſt arrived from St. Joſeph, and that the Delewares, who were there, were coming back to the Miamis village. He adviſed me to ſend for my chief immediately, and tell him, for his own ſafety as well as mine, to try to get leave to go away in the morning, (for the Miamis had appointed the next day but one for our departure). This was accordingly done, and leave obtained. I went to viſit le Cygne, who told me, " that he would have been glad to have attended me " to Wyaut; but that he could not think of leading " me to my death: for that there were ſo many tomma- " hawks lifted up there, that he ſhould have trembled " to have gone himſelf." I gave notes to Pacanne and Pondiac's nephew, ſetting forth that they had ſaved my life, and entreating all Engliſhmen to uſe them kindly. (Pacanne ſhewed his paper to Colonel Croghan, when he made his tour through the Indian country, and the Colonel was pleaſed to bring him to Detroit, and, at a private meeting appointed for

for that purpoſe, ſent for me, and gave me a very handſome preſent to lay at his feet). We gave all our blankets and ſhirts to thoſe Indians who had done us ſervice; and hearing that the chiefs were in council, and talked of not allowing me to return with my party, but of detaining me priſoner; and my Indians themſelves appearing uneaſy, having left my money and baggage with one Capucin, a Frenchman, I hurried away about noon, vexed at heart that I had not been able to execute the orders I had received. I gave General Bradſtreet's letter for Monſieur St. Ange, the French commandant at Fort Chartres, to St. Vincent, to deliver to that officer; and ſigned a certificate which he was pleaſed to put into my hands, ſpecifying that, on many occaſions, he had ſaved my life. Fear lent wings to my Indians this day; and we continued our march till it was quite dark, being apprehenſive of an attack. We ſet out very early the next morning; and as nothing worthy of obſervation happened, my thoughts were taken up during this day's journey in admiring the fine policy of the French with reſpect to the Indian nations; of which, from among a thouſand, I ſhall ſelect two remarkable inſtances,

which I mention as not only worthy of imitation, but to wear out of the minds of ſuch of my countrymen as have good ſenſe and humanity the prejudices conceived againſt an innocent, much-abuſed, and once happy people; who have as deep a ſenſe of the juſtice and benevolence of the French, as of the wrongs and haughty treatment which they have received from their preſent maſters. The firſt of theſe is the encouragement given by the French court to marriages betwixt its ſubjects and Indian women; by which means Lewis got admiſſion into their councils, and all their deſigns were known from their very birth. Add to this, that the French ſo entirely won their affections by this ſtep, that to this hour the ſavages ſay, that the French and they are one people. The next inſtance is, the prohibiting the ſale of ſpirituous liquors to Indians, under pain of not receiving abſolution: it is what the French call a *cas reſervé*; none but a biſhop can abſolve a perſon guilty of it. This prevented many miſchiefs too frequent among the unfortunate tribes of ſavages, who are fallen to our lot. From drunkenneſs ariſe quarrels, murders, and what not? for there is nothing, however ſhocking and abominable, that the moſt

innocent of that innocent people are not madly bent on when drunk. From impoſing on the drunken Indian in trade, abuſing his drunken wife, daughter, or other female relation, and other ſuch ſcandalous practices ariſe ſtill greater evils. When ſuch things are done (and they are done) can we wonder that the Indians ſeek revenge? The ill conduct of a few diſſolute pedlars has often coſt the lives of thouſands of his Majeſty's moſt induſtrious ſubjects, who were juſt emerging from the gloom of toil and want, to the fair proſpect of eaſe and contentment. The following day, while we were ſhooting at ſome turkeys, we diſcovered the cabins of a hunting party on the oppoſite ſide of the Miamis river; the men were in the woods; but a ſquaw came over to us, who proved to be the wife of the little chief. Godefroi told her that I was gone to the Ilinois country with her ſon. She informed us that the Indians were not returned from Detroit; and added that there were four hundred Delawares and three hundred Shawaneſe (as ſhe had been told) at the Uttawaw villages, who wanted to go and ſet fire to that place. We were ſure that this piece of news about the Shawaneſe and Delawares was falſe, as the Ut-

tawaws themſelves wanted proviſions: but my Indians believed it, and it ſerved to bring them over at once to my way of thinking, which was, to paſs through the woods, and avoid the villages of the Uttawaws. They were all much alarmed, but in particular the Huron of Loretto. This regenerate monſter of the church, this Chriſtian ſavage, who ſpoke French fluently, had the cruelty and inſolence to tell me, that as I could not march as faſt as the reſt, I muſt take an old man and a boy (both lame) and make the beſt of my way: that the chief would go with me, and he would conduct the other, who were eleven in number, and all able men. I ſpoke to him with gentleneſs, and begged that he would not think of ſeparating from us; on which he ſaid ſomething, that I did not underſtand, in his language which reſembles that of the five nations, and of courſe was underſtood by my chief, and which vexed him ſo much, that he told me, "I might go "by myſelf;" but I found means to pacify him. I now told Godefroi, who was of himſelf ſo determined, that he would of courſe go with me. Upon this the Huron gave us very groſs language; and indeed ſuch ſtubborn impudence I never ſaw. He told the chief

chief that if he ſuffered me to take my horſes with me, we ſhould be diſcovered, but I obtained the chief's conſent to take them a little way. I then propoſed going into the wood to ſettle the diſtribution of our proviſions and ammunition; but the Huron would liſten to nothing: ſo leaving him and his party, conſiſting of ten, with my beſt horſe, which he ſaid he would turn looſe as ſoon as he ſhould get a little way further, I ſtruck into the wood with Godefroi, the chief, the old Indian, and the Indian boy; Godefroi and myſelf on horſeback. We went North Eaſt from twelve o'clock till two; from two to five we went North; and finding a pool of water, we took up our lodgings there. The next day we continued our route North, North Eaſt, being as nearly as we could gueſs in the courſe of the Miamis river. We endured great thirſt all this day. About three o'clock we reached the ſwamps, which, by the dryneſs of the ſeaſon, might have paſſed for meadows, and not finding any water, about five o'clock we made a hole, two feet deep, with our hands, (for we had no kind of tool fit for that uſe) where ſome tall, broad graſs grew; and getting good water, though very muddy, we made a fire,

fire, and determined to paſs the night by the ſide of our little well. We travelled in the ſwamps the following day till half an hour after one o'clock, at which time we came to open woods, having found water in two places on our way; but we could find none when we wanted to repoſe ourſelves at the cloſe of day. We therefore ſet to work, as the day before, and made a hole four feet deep in a place which muſt be a ſwamp in the wet ſeaſon: but it was three hours before we got a draught of what I might rather call watery mud than muddy water. We were forced from want of water to ſtew a turkey in the fat of a racoon; and I thought I had never eaten any thing ſo delicious, thought ſalt was wanting: but perhaps it was hunger which made me think ſo. We heard four ſhots fired very near us juſt before dark; we had a little before diſcovered the tracks of Indians, and they undoubtedly had diſcovered ours, and, ſuppoſing us friends, fired to let us know were they were. Theſe ſhots alarmed our chief, and he told me that I muſt leave my horſes behind. I bid Godefroi drive them to ſome little diſtance from us, and let them go: accordingly he went towards the place where we had left them, as if he intended

intended to do ſo ; but, unknown me, to wiſely deferred it till morning, hoping our chief would change his mind. This night the chief, ſeeing me writing by the light of the fire, grew jealous, and aſked if I was counting the trees. The next morning the chief being a little intimidated, inſtead of going Eaſt North Eaſt, as agreed on the night before, in order to draw near the Miamis river, went due North ; by which means he led us into the moſt perplexed wood I ever ſaw. He had my compaſs, which I aſked him for, and wanted to carry about me, as he very ſeldom looked at it ; but this gave great offence, and he told me I might go by myſelf. In ſhort, he was grown captious beyond meaſure. In order to pleaſe him, we had put his pack on one of our horſes ; but we were forced to take it off again, as a loaded horſe could not force its way through the thick wood we were in. I found ſuch a difficulty in leading my horſe (for it was impoſſible to ride) through this part of the foreſt, that I called out to the party for God's ſake to ſtop till I could ſee them, or I ſhould never ſee them more : at that time I could not be more than fifteen yards behind them. They had hurried on in purſuit of a rattle-ſnake. The chief

now

now told me again, that I muſt let my horſes go; but Godefroi convinced me, that I could not reach Detroit without them. I therefore reſolved, if he perſiſted, to quit him, to take Godefroi with me, and to kill one of my horſes for a ſupply of food, for we had very little ammunition left, and no proviſions. However the chief grew good-humoured by Godefroi's management; and as he now thought himſelf out of danger, changed his courſe, going Eaſt North Eaſt. We ſoon got into a fine open wood, where there was room to drive a coach and ſix. Here we halted to refreſh ourſelves by ſmoaking our pipes, having nothing to eat, the old Indian, who always ranged as we travelled on, having found no game that morning. As I had not been uſed to ſmoaking, I deſired to have ſumach leaves only, without tobacco; but, after a few whiffs, I was ſo giddy, that I was forced to deſiſt: probably an empty ſtomach was the chief cauſe of this unpleaſant effect of ſmoaking. Soon after we came into extenſive meadows; and I was aſſured that thoſe meadows continue for a hundred and fifty miles, being in the winter drowned lands and marſhes. By the dryneſs of the ſeaſon they were now beautiful paſtures: and here

here preſented itſelf one of the moſt delightful proſpects I ever beheld ; all the low grounds being meadow, and without wood, and all the high grounds being covered with trees, and appearing like iſlands ; the whole ſcene ſeemed an elyſium. Here we found good water, and ſat down by it, and made a comfortable meal of what the old Indian had killed, after we left our halting-place. We afterwards continued our route, and at five o'clock diſcovering a ſmall rivulet, which gave us all, and me in particular, inexpreſſible pleaſure, we made a fire by the ſide of it, and lay there all night. The day following, we croſſed the tracks of a party of men running from the Uttawaw villages directly up into the woods, which we imagined to be thoſe of the Huron's party who might have loſt their way ; as it proved. I laughed and joked a good deal with Godefroi on this occaſion ; for when the Huron left us, I aſked in a ſneering manner, " if he had any commands, in caſe " I ſhould get before him to Detroit :" and he anſwered me in the ſame tone, " if when you arrive, " you don't find me there, you may ſafely ſay that I " am gone to the devil." Soon after, to our great joy, we fell into the path leading from the Uttawaw

villages to Detroit, and ſtruck into a by-path to avoid meeting Indians; but unluckily ſtumbled on that which led from the great path to Attawang's village. We met three Hurons on horſeback, who told us, that peace was concluded, that the Uttawaws had returned the day before to their villages, and that General Bradſtreet was to be at Cedar-Point that night on his way to Sanduſky. One of theſe Indians had been preſent when I was priſoner at Attawang's village; and though I was dreſſed like a Canadian, and ſpoke French to Godefroi to prevent diſcovery, recollected me to be the Engliſhman he had ſeen there. I gave him a letter from St. Vincent to Pondiac which I had promiſed to deliver. They then took their leave of us; and as ſoon as they were out of ſight, we turned into the great path, and putting our Indians on our horſes, Godefroi and I walked at a very great rate. We arrived at the Pootiwatamy village at a quarter paſt three, where I had the pleaſure of ſeeing Engliſh colours flying. I wanted to avoid the village; but the chief, being very hungry (for we had eat nothing that day) fell into a paſſion, and aſked what we were afraid of. He knew he ran no riſk here. I was a little

little vexed, and mounting my horſe bid him follow. I went to the village, where I bought a little Indian corn and a piece of veniſon; and then Godefroi and I rode on till it was dark, in hopes of reaching Detroit the next day; and finding water, made a fire near it, and paſſed the night there, having left our fellow-travellers to ſleep with the Pootiwatamies; who, as none of them knew me, were told by Godefroi that I was gone to the country of the Ilinois, and that he growing tired of the journey, and wanting to ſee his children, was on his return home. The next morning we ſet out at the dawn of day; and, to ſave ourſelves the trouble of making a raft, took the upper road, though the journey was much longer that way, hoping to find the river fordable, in which we were not diſappointed. We travelled this day a great way, and our horſes were ſo much fatigued, that they were hardly able to carry us towards the cloſe of the day. We found freſh horſe-dung on the road, which Godefroi having curiouſly examined, knew that ſome Indians had juſt paſſed that way; and by their tracks he was ſure they were before us. He therefore made an excuſe to halt for about an hour, endeavouring to conceal the truth

from me; but I was no ſtranger to his real motive. However, about ſeven o'clock we arrived at Detroit; whence I was fifty leagues diſtant when I left the Miamis river and ſtruck into the woods: and by the circuit I was obliged to make to avoid purſuit, I made it at leaſt fourſcore leagues, or two hundred and forty miles. The Huron and his people did not arrive till many days after, and in three different parties. They had loſt their way; were obliged to divide themſelves into ſmall bodies in order to ſeek for game; had ſuffered extremely by fatigue and hunger; one having died by the way, and all the reſt being very ill when they reached Detroit. The Huron I imagined would have died. I gave him, as well as all the others, all the aſſiſtance in my power; but could not help reproaching him with his barbarity to me, and reminding him, "that the "Great Spirit had protected one whom he had "abandoned, and puniſhed him who had baſely de- "ſerted his fellow-warrior." Immediately after my arrival at Detroit, I ſent an expreſs to General Brad-ſtreet, with an account of my proceedings, and to warn him of the dangerous ſituation he was in, being advanced ſome miles up the Sanduſky river, and

ſurrounded

ſurrounded with treacherous Indians. The moment he received my letter, he removed, falling down the river, till he reached Lake Erie : by this means he diſappointed their hopes of ſurpriſing his army. This army however ſuffered extremely afterwards, and great numbers were loſt in traverſing the deſert, many of their boats having in the night been daſhed to pieces againſt the ſhore, while the ſoldiers were in their tents. The boats were unfortunately too large to be drawn out of the water. The centinels gave the alarm on finding the ſudden ſwell of the lake , but after infinite labour, from the loſs of boats, a large body of men were obliged to attempt to reach Fort Niagara by land, many of whom periſhed. It is worthy of remark, that, during this violent ſwell of the waters, ſoldiers ſtood on the ſhore with lighed candles, not a breath of wind being perceived. This phænomenon often happens. Another curious fact reſpecting the waters of theſe lakes is, that they riſe for ſeven years and fall for ſeven years; or in other words, there is a ſeven years tide. I have read ſomewhere, that the Caſpian ſea overflows its banks once in fifteen years. This, however, is denied elſewhere. But, if the former opinion

opinion be really the caſe, as the American lakes and the Caſpian ſea are in parts of the earth almoſt oppoſite to each other, it might be worth while to enquire, whether, when they are at the loweſt in one place, they are at the higheſt in that which is oppoſite, or both riſe and fall at the ſame time?

The Natchez nation, mentioned in the letter to Pondiac, which he ſhewed me, and who were blamed by the reſt of the Indian army for having fired too ſoon on the Engliſh who were ſent to take poſſeſſion of Fort Charters by way of the Miſſiſſippi river, no doubt did it by deſign, that the troops might have an opportunity of retreating; for the French had formerly endeavoured to extirpate that nation, and had nearly ſucceeded in the undertaking, a ſmall number only having eſcaped the maſſacre. It is not probable ſuch an action could ever be forgiven; eſpecially by ſavages. This nation have a perpetual fire; and two men are appointed to watch it. It has been conjectured that their anceſtors were deſerters from the Mexicans who worſhip the ſun.

The Miamis nation, of whom I have ſpoken ſo much, and into whoſe hands I fell after leaving Pondiac's army at the Uttawaw villages, are the very people

people who have lately defeated the Americans in three different battles; and when the laſt accounts from that country reached us, they were encamped on the banks of the Ohio, near the falls or cataracts of that river.

It may not be improper to mention, that if I could have completed the tour intended, viz. from Detroit to New Orleans, thence to New York, and thence to Detroit again, whence I ſet out, it would have been a circuit little ſhort of five thouſand miles.

DETROIT, September 25, 1764.

LETTER

TO A

FRIEND

ON THE

POETICAL ELOCUTION OF THE THEATRE

AND THE

MANNER OF ACTING TRAGEDY.

LETTER

TO A

FRIEND.

AGREEABLY to your deſire, I have thrown together a few thoughts on the Poetical Elocution of the Theatre, to which I have joined ſome remarks on the Manner of Acting Tragedy. Our Engliſh Roſcius, as he is called, is conſidered as the model of theatrical perfection; and of courſe is generally imitated by thoſe of his profeſſion. A lady, of whoſe literary talents I profeſs myſelf a warm admirer, has, in an introduction to her eſſay on the writings and genius of Shakeſpear, declared, that Mr. Garrick acted with the ſame inſpiration with which that author wrote. I take the liberty to diſſent from this lady with all her genius, and af-

firm, that no two men ever differed more than Shakeſpear and Garrick: the one was all nature, the other all art; but art of an exquiſite kind: yet ſtill it was art. Shakeſpear wrote from his heart; Garrick played from his head. Garrick had many tranſcendent qualities: his animation, though often introduced improperly; his thorough conception of his character; his ſkill in managing his voice, which I think was his greateſt excellence, though frequently abuſed; his graceful deportment; and laſtly, though blemiſhed with trick, his mute play. By the way, I would adviſe our actors to uſe great caution in this ſilent language: it is of a peculiarly delicate nature, and I never ſaw more than one player who was perfect in it; a French actreſs, whom I ſhall ſoon have occaſion to mention. While Garrick diſplayed theſe ſhining qualities, the world were inclined to over-look his faults. They did not foreſee the conſequence. The misfortune is, that while his fort is unattained, his foible is commonly aggravated. May I hope to ſee the day when ſome heaven-taught tragedian ſhall ariſe; who, breaking the trammels forced on genius by public opinion, ſhall dare to follow nature, and, acting from

from his own feelings, diſdain the ſudden and unnatural tranſition of voice ; the ſtudied, and always premature, ſtart ; the pantomime-geſture ; and all trick, calculated to produce what is called ſtage-effect : miſerable expedients, fit only for a booth in a fair, not for the royal theatres of the metropolis. Such a performer I have ſeen ; but not in England : a woman, not young, not handſome ; but endowed with ſuch theatrical powers, as pleaſed all who had eyes, delighted all who had ears, charmed all who had underſtanding, and tranſported all who had feeling hearts. Every time I ſaw her, the actreſs was loſt to me : ſhe was not Du Menil ; ſhe was the character ſhe repreſented. *She*, indeed, acted as Shakeſpear wrote ; and often I ſaid to myſelf with a ſigh : " O that thou hadſt been a man, and born in " England ! and that honeſt Will Shakeſpear could " be alive again to ſee thee in his tragical dramas !" What a Macbeth, what a Lear, what an Othello, what a Hamlet, what a Richard, would ſhe have made ! Angels might have ſtooped from their ſkies, to behold the ſcene ; and have ſhed celeſtial tears. I have already declared that I mean to ſpeak of tragedy only. I am going to treat of poetical utterance ;

ance ; and there comedy is out of the queſtion : for it is our good fortune not to have our comedies abſurdly written in rhyme, or even in blank verſe. The latter, however, is wonderfully calculated for the buſkin. It is not by any means ſo well ſuited to the epic poem, as to the drama. Milton's Paradiſe Loſt, when I have read a page or two, ſeems quite monotonous, having neither the rhythmus of the ancients, nor its convenient, though pitiful ſubſtitute, the rhyme of the moderns. I never perceived this monotony when acting or reading a tragedy. The reaſon is obvious: blank verſe in the drama ſhould be ſpoken; in epic poetry, recited. Yet they occaſionally borrow from each other: but this requires great ſkill in the actor and reader. Du Menil, as an actreſs, poſſeſſed that ſkill in perfection. All others whom I have ſeen, to borrow an expreſſion which Shakeſpear has put into the mouth of Lear, "were ſophiſticated ; ſhe was the thing itſelf." I am ready to confeſs that Garrick had a tincture of this ſkill in the dialogue ; but in ſoliloquy, in the delivering of which has was admired, and juſtly too on other accounts, he recited when he ſhould have ſpoken : this was a double diſadvantage ; for it was unnatural,

unnatural, and more expoſed his falſe emphaſis. Quin always recited; it was the method of his ſchool: it was prepoſterouſly wrong; but at the ſame time pleaſing to accurate readers of poetry, becauſe the recitation was perfect. But modern ſpouting, as it is humouroufly called, burleſques the drama; for it has Garrick's aukward hobble, joined with Quin's unnatural and pompous manner. I never can be angry at it: it always makes me laugh. Poems, whether in rhyme or blank verſe, ſhould always be recited, except when, as I have ſaid, they borrow from the drama. Rhymes in the drama muſt always be recited: but it would be much better to have them expunged. Garrick, at the concluſion of one of the acts of the tragedy of Jane Shore, had he known himſelf, would have curſed the author for putting rhymes into the ſpeech of Haſtings. I learnt to bear Mrs. Yeates's tone; but I never could bring myſelf to endure Mr. Garrick's hobble. He ſpoke blank verſe very ill; rhyme, deſpicably: and every player, man and woman, now on the ſtage, has caught the infection: though a few of them deliver rhyme better than he did. I have been told that Mr. Garrick ſaid of Mrs Siddons, that he wondered how ſhe got rid of her ti-tum-ti. I know not how ſhe got

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rid of her ti-tum-ti, but I know how, with all her excellence, ſhe got her hobble-ti-trot: ſhe got it, as all others got it, from Mr. Garrick; and he perhaps from Mr. Giffard. This our actors might throw off, at leaſt in ſome degree; though it is not perhaps one in a thouſand who could ſpeak perfectly, even if he poſſeſſed judgment ſufficient for it; becauſe both a poetical ear and poetical tongue are equally neceſſary. Mr. Sheridan had great judgment: the other requiſites were ſparingly given him. Mr. Quin poſſeſſed them all in a high degree. I remember him, though I was very young. His broad pronunciation might not pleaſe the ladies and fine gentlemen of the age; but me it pleaſed: I liked the manly tones. He was what I call a perfect reciter of verſe: too pompous, I confeſs, but that was the vice of the old ſtage. In his emphaſis, which is the ſoul of oratory, he was ever correct: in his blank verſe, and in his rhyme, as correct as in his proſe. In repeating verſe, he excelled, by infinite degrees, all I ever heard. I never could catch him tripping in his emphaſis; though I have detected in a ſmall failure of the kind the divine Du Menil, and even in ſpeaking thoſe four celebrated lines in Phædra, which a great French critic has declared her to repeat in a manner

manner never to be equalled by any other. Theſe are the four lines which coſt le Couvreur her life. I remember to have ſat near a gentleman who was a critic, when Garrick was playing Henry IV. The ſick king was lecturing his wild ſon Harry. This gentleman exclaimed to his friend, with rapture, that it was impoſſible to ſpeak blank verſe better; though Garrick's Muſe was at that moment on crutches, and I could not ſit eaſy on my ſeat to hear her. I never forgot that line; and have often mentioned it to my acquaintance, and repeated it à la Garrick. I remember to have heard long ago, that there had been a ſcheme formed for Quin to read Milton's Paradiſe Loſt to a certain number of ſubſcribers: but it was laid aſide. I always have taken delight in reading paſſages in Milton's poem; but I never read much of it, as I have already ſaid, that my ear did not feel itſelf weary; though that is not the caſe in acting tragedy, or even in reading it. A fine Engliſh poem in rhyme, ſuch as ſome of Pope's, I could read for a whole day: Virgil's fourth Æneid, in the original Latin verſe, for ever. This is medoly divine. I knew a lady who would have been a perfect reciter of Engliſh poetry, if ſhe had not

been averſe from inſtruction. Mrs. Pope, in the character of Deſdemona, is the moſt perfect repeater of blank verſe I have heard ſince Quin's time. Her performance of that part, about twelve years ago, gave me inexpreſſible pleaſure. Except one little error, her emphaſis was faultleſs. But this is not always the caſe. The difficulty lies in impaſſioned parts. Garrick's ſpeaking was almoſt faultleſs in the character of Richard III. It was the firſt part he appeared in at Goodman's fields, and probably he might have a better inſtructor than he had afterwards; for he had the merit and advantage of being diffident, and conſulted thoſe who were able to teach him. Though capital tragedians, Mrs. Pope and Mrs. Siddons excepted, are no longer ſeen among us, the ſtage abounds with good ones of the ſecond rate; and it is a thouſand pities that they have not a perfect ſpeaker of poetry among them, like Quin, without his pomp. Mrs. Pope, I believe, might have been ſuch; and ſome others probably would not have been far ſhort of her: Mademoiſelle Du Menil's rapidity of ſpeech, joined with Quin's correctneſs, would make perfect poetic elocution in the tragic drama. At any rate our tragedians might all

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be made better than they are; they poſſeſs not Garrick's hobble only, but his wrong rules: for ſome of his rules for ſpeaking verſe were as falſe as his ear was imperfect. He ſacrificed ſenſe to ſound; and his ſound itſelf was diſcord. It may be objected that all theſe obſervations are merely opinion. No ſuch matter:—they are founded in truth and nature, and may be made clear to perſons of an ordinary capacity. All may underſtand what very few can execute. In the repeating of poetry, beſides the continuity and the exquiſite delicacy of cadence, every word muſt have its proper tone, every word its due portion of breath; for by the ſmalleſt inaccuracy in any of theſe four things, all the fine effect of the verſe is loſt. I remember that I once turned a paſſage of Oſſian's poems into rhyme, by way of experiment, and ſhewed the lines to a young clergyman, who found great fault, and very juſtly, with one of them, as a ſtrangely unmuſical one. I aſked him to repeat the line. He did ſo; and made it diſcord itſelf. I then deſired him to liſten to me: and he was forced to confeſs, that, though I could not make it beautiful, I however contrived to hide its deformity. They who wiſh to improve themſelves in

the reading of poetry, ſhould firſt ſtudy the rhythmus, and afterwards rhyme, together with blank verſe: and I think that, to arrive at perfection, they ſhould accuſtom themſelves to the reciting of unmelodious verſes; as the Roman gladiators performed their exerciſe with unweildly arms, that thoſe uſed in the amphitheatre might ſeem light in their hands. Among the men, the beſt *caſual* repeater of blank verſe we have lately heard, was Mr. Henderſon; eſpecially in level ſpeaking: but, beſides his having *uſually* the hobble of Garrick, he often fell into the moſt odious whine I ever heard on the ſtage. This was an incurable malady. Once, when Quin performed the part of Brutus in Shakeſpear's Julius Cæſar, I remember to have heard a player, in the very inſignificant character of Antony's meſſenger, deliver a ſpeech as well as ever Quin himſelf ſpoke. I was amazed; and, at the cloſe of his ſpeech, was delighted to find that there were a few among the audience who applauded. I never could diſcover who he was. I imagined that Quin had taken great pains to teach him that ſpeech: if ſo, he had been a moſt apt ſcholar. I heard an actor too ſeveral years ago, at the little theatre in the Hay-market, repeat blank

verſe

verſe unexceptionably well: I ſat aſtoniſhed; but my aſtoniſhment was much increaſed, when, after a few lines incomparably well delivered, and with all the eaſe of a veteran, he at once grew inſufferably ſlovenly in his manner of ſpeaking, as if he had been mocking himſelf. This actor was to me a phænomenon. I never before or ſince heard the like. I cannot but think, that, with proper inſtruction, he might have made a great poetical ſpeaker. His name is Bliſſet; and I am told he is now on the ſtage at Bath and in no great eſtimation. Mr. Garrick's bad manner of ſpeaking verſe, has univerſally obtained, ſince he roſe to fame, and Quin in ſullen majeſty retired. Mr. Garrick was, however, the greateſt performer I ever ſaw in England. Such were his imitative powers, that he could ſometimes rival even Du Menil, with all her feeling; and, like her, unhinge the mind and burſt the heart: but he has ſunk the ſtage much by introducing trick to faſcinate the eyes and ears of perſons of weak judgment: and his want of poetic elocution has robbed the Britiſh tragic Muſe of half her dignity: a dignity raiſed to the higheſt pitch by the genius of Shakepear, and the nature of the Engliſh language, ſo admirably

mirably adapted to blank verſe, of which that writer ſo thoroughly underſtood the uſe. Mr. Garrick certainly was not ſenſible of his want of poetic delivery, though I think he might have been from his not been able to learn to repeat the chorus to Henry V.; if he had been ſenſible of it, he never would have recited his ode in memory of Shakeſpear before the public. With all the inſtruction given him, and with all his pains, his recitation was very imperfect. He was, however, as uſual, much applauded; "action to the generality being eloquence," as Shakeſpear has ſaid, "and their eyes more learned "than their ears." Yet as I have known ſome able critics, who, at times, ſeverely cenſured his action, I muſt ſuppoſe that there were others, who, in ſpite of public prejudice, could diſcover the defects of his delivery. Raphael was a great painter, but a poor colouriſt: Garrick a great tragedian, but a poor ſpeaker of verſe. What painter endeavours to colour like Rapheal? Why then do all our actors ſtrive to ſpeak verſe like Garrick? Becauſe they want a better guide: while painters have their Titian, Titian's colours ſtill glow: Quin's voice is heard no more. A natural repreſentation of the paſſions certainly

certainly makes an actor: but if that actor ſpeaks with impropriety, while my eyes are delighted, my ears are pained; while my heart approves, my mind condemns; and I am pulled different ways like a criminal on the rack. As it is a great diſadvantage to the late Mr. Garrick to conſider himſelf only as a tragedian, where his poetical ſpeaking was defective; I think it is but juſtice to declare, that in comedy he was as excellent as in tragedy, with the advantage of good proſe-elocution. I muſt further obſerve, that the great Du Menil, whom I have ſet ſo far above him, could not play comedy; for ſhe truſted to her feelings, and wanted his art. Indeed ſhe almoſt imagined herſelf the perſon whom ſhe repreſented, which is all an actor can do, for to believe it quite, he muſt be out of his ſenſes and forget his leſſon: it followed of courſe, that her action was always a little ſhort of nature, and but a very little. Garrick generally went beyond nature; and whatever is in the leaſt over-acted, ſhews the player, however artful, to be, at the time, utterly void of feeling.

I am now going to inform you of what I propoſe to do, in order, if poſſible, to convince our tragedians that they are wrong. While Garrick is the model,

model, they never can rise to any great degree of excellence. Garrick's imitations of nature are by others, I believe, scarcely imitable; nor, in my opinion, are they worth imitating, if they could be equalled. He played on a false principle: he played from his head, not from his heart, as I have said already. To drop him entirely, and to copy nature, would not bring us to perfection for ages. No painter can go far, who studies nature only: he must copy the antique; and from them learn the work of ages in a few years. So a tragedian, unless heaven-born, like Du Menil, must have some great model before him, and then he may improve apace. Quin, in reciting; Du Menil in acting tragedy; were perfect, as far as I can judge of perfection: I cannot conceive the smallest degree of excellence beyond them. But they are gone: true; but I am ready to step forward as their humble substitute. As to Quin's manner of reciting, I did not learn what I know of it from him; but received it, as he did, from nature; though he might improve me, as Booth did him. As to Du Menil's manner of acting tragedy, that I did receive from her, and must ever be greatly her inferior: but I can imitate her manner

ner at leaſt, and that muſt ſerve. Phædra is the part in which I recollect her beſt. I have therefore tranſlated that tragedy, and mean, if I can any where find an opportunity, to attempt to teach ſome tractable actreſs to recite, in that character, as correctly as Quin; joining to that recitation, as well as I am able, the exquiſite ſenſibility and rapidity of Du Menil. Thus may Garrick's imitative acting and bad recitation be loſt forever; and tragedians learn to move the heart by true feelings, and delight the ear with poetic melody. In order the more eaſily to introduce Mademoiſelle Du Ménil's manner of acting tragedy, I have endeavoured in all thoſe ſcenes where Phædra is preſent, to make my tranſlation correſpond with her ſtyle of performing, I hope not altogether without ſucceſs: I expect however a good deal of trouble in preventing my Engliſh Phædra from chattering, when ſhe attempts Du Menil's rapidity, a fault to which the claſhing of conſonants in our language makes actors ſubject; eſpecially till they are cured of the Engliſh habit of ſpeaking with a little mouth. I ſhall the more readily undertake to inſtruct ſome actreſs in the part of Phædra, from its having been the practice of the

great dramatic poet, whoſe tragedy I have tranſlated: for Racine, as well as Virgil, could both recite and write poetry, and taught the famous Champmeſlé the part of Phædra line by line.

To recite verſe, eſpecially rhyme, in a perfect manner, is, I believe, the rareſt gift beſtowed on man. England produces men excellent in every other art and ſcience; but an excellent reciter of verſe, public or private, I have not heard ſince the days of Quin; and I almoſt deſpair of ever hearing another. I conſider it as a loſt art; and it would give me extreme ſatisfaction to be inſtrumental in its recovery. From want of ſkill in this art, Garrick, in attempting to recite his ode in memory of Shakeſpear, became an actor inſtead of a reciter, and beſides uſing a falſe emphaſis in an hundred inſtances, put on the buſkin, when he ſhould have worn the bay; and, in ſome parts, deſcended even to that pantomime which he always introduced in reciting prologues. Garrick and verſe were not made to agree: continuity and cadence were all he knew of it. What then muſt his imitators be? I heard his ode in memory of Shakeſpear recited at Bath in a manner which made Garrick's appear ſeraphic: yet the theatre

atre rang with applauſe. A ſtranger might be tempted to think, that Engliſhmen love nothing but noiſe, diſſonance, and abſurdity. But I have had proofs enow that there are attic ears and nice judgments to be found among us, eſpecially among a London audience : the difficulty lies in finding performers with ſuch ears and judgments, and tongues too, to gratify the diſcerning few, and improve the taſte of the many.

In order to mend a bad habit, I would adviſe our tragedians, eſpecially thoſe who have not a good poetical ear, not to conſider that it is verſe which they are reciting ; or rather, after having repeated a ſpeech as verſe, and got it well by heart, to run it over frequently as proſe : thus Sir Joſhua Reynolds, after finiſhing highly, undoes his work, and gives it that maſterly air, as if ſtruck out by a few daſhes of the pencil.

Like Garrick, moſt of our tragedians play from the head more than from the heart, and like him too, affect to value themſelves upon it, contrary to the opinion of all the able critics whom the world hath produced. *If you wiſh me to weep, you muſt weep yourſelf.* So ſaid Horace; and what man of judgment ever denied it? Yet Garrick is reported to

have ſaid, that no one could be an actor who was not able to make love to a poſt as well as to the moſt beautiful woman. Our female tragedians have long excelled the male; becauſe they have retained the manner of the feeling Cibber.

I am ſenſible what odium he is likely to incur, who treats with diſreſpect an idol which the people have ſet up. But I neither mean to ſatirize Mr. Garrick, nor the performers at the theatres. I love a player; and, if he is a man of decent manners, I reſpect him: if to that be added genius, I revere him. I admired Mr. Garrick; and thought him a prodigy amongſt tragedians of imitative genius: but if I prefer a feeling actor to an imitating one, I am ſure I am right. We have had lately ſeveral capital actreſſes, but not capital actors; becauſe Mrs. Cibber felt, and Garrick did not feel. To what elſe can it poſſibly be attributed? We have more genius now on the ſtage among the male performers, than ever I remember: but I repeat, what I have often declared many years ago: "Our actors will never reach ex-"cellence, till they drop Garrick, and take a feeling "model, if they can find one." To ſtudy nature only, as I have already ſaid, will not thoroughly

anſwer

anſwer the purpoſe, though it may do a good deal towards it. As to Garrick's recitation of blank verſe; if he has been pronounced ſuperior to all the world, and particularly to Quin, I will not whiſper to the reeds, but proclaim to all mankind, that Midas had the ears of an aſs.

Otway in writing, Garrick in acting, and Sheridan in reciting, were prompted by Melpomene: but ſhe herſelf wrote through Shakeſpear, acted through Du Menil, and recited through Quin.

There is a tragic as well as comic caricature. How were our buffoons of low comedy put to the bluſh, when the town ſaw, with aſtoniſhment, the naivety of Weſton? I mean before he was intoxicated with applauſe and with drink. There is a natural taſte in man which, however vitiated, will break out when he ſees a genuine repreſentation of manners which are familiar to him as in low comedy. 'Tis a great miſtake that they muſt always be deſcribed on the theatre above the ſtandard of life. What Weſton was in low comedy, Mademoiſelle Du Menil was in the higher walk of tragedy; and the tragic buffoons of Paris ſhrunk before her. All admired: all ſaw that true tragedy was true nature.

I had

I had always been of that opinion ; and, on ſeeing her, I knew that I was right. When I ſay that true tragedy is true nature, I mean nature embelliſhed, nature corrected from herſelf : this was Du Menil's nature. Garrick's nature was nature adulterated with art. With ſorrow, however, I muſt confeſs, that ordinary minds, which are far the greater number, cannot diſcover nature, I mean in elevated characters, whether in genteel comedy or tragedy, unleſs ſhe is ſhewn to them through a magnifying-glaſs ; we cannot therefore wonder that players, who are ever covetous of popularity, often attend more to ſtage effect, than to chaſte acting. The player moſt reſembling Garrick of all I have ſeen was Le Kain, of the Paris ſtage. He was of ſmall ſtature, like Garrick ; but inferior to him in voice, face, and ſhape. He had much of his animation; like him too he always went beyond nature : but his recitation was greatly ſuperior to that of Garrick ; though in this he was excelled by a cotemporary, La Noue. Du Menil, who appeared with him, eclipſed him by her acting ; but by that only. You will pronounce me perhaps very extravagant when I declare to you that I think tragedy was born and

died

died with Du Menil; and you will no doubt be amazed when I acquaint you that I never ſaw her ſince I was twenty-one years of age. I indeed conſtantly attended the French theatre for fifteen months; but, from prejudice, was ſo diſguſted with what I ſaw for the three or four firſt months, that nothing but the ſolemn vow I had made to a father, then in his grave, that I would make myſelf maſter of the French language could have made me perſiſt. O, unfortunate Engliſh travellers! who, viſiting Paris while Du Menil flouriſhed, had not ſo ſtrong a motive as I had to ſtimulate you to perſevere in your attendance and attention. If the world ever afforded me a pleaſure equal to that of reading Shakeſpear at the foot of a water-fall in an American deſert; it was Du Menil's performance of tragedy.

If Garrick was able now and then to "*ſnatch a* "*grace beyond the reach of art*," as Pope has ſaid of writers: Du Menil had it in her power to do it whenever ſhe pleaſed.

One actor, and one only, have I ever heard deliver a ſpeech of length with any reſemblance of the manner of Du Menil; I mean Mr. Pope, in the character of Caſtalio, when he curſes woman: there

was

was that torture of mind, that energy and rapidity which man, in the rage of diſappointed love, muſt ever experience and uſe. The houſe felt the truth and force of the repreſentation, and a great applauſe enſued. I was as much pleaſed with the audience as with the performer, being convinced that, if tragedians would lead the way, the public would follow them to the temple of taſte. But as the whole merit of the acting conſiſted in a ſtrict adherence to truth and nature, diveſted of all affectation or trick, it was not deemed worthy of imitation.

ODES

TRADUITES EN FRANÇAIS PAR L'AUTEUR LUI-MÊME.

La traduction des quatre premières revue et corrigée par *Monsieur D. C. Y.*

Et celle de la dernière par *Monsieur S.*

Ceux des Français, qui ont connu l'auteur au siège de la Martinique, se souviendront peut-être de l'estime qu'il a toujours montrée pour leur nation, & ne seront pas surpris que cette estime se soit changée en admiration.

ODES

WITH A FRENCH TRANSLATION BY THE AUTHOR.

The tranſlation of the firſt four reviſed and corrected by *Monſieur D. C. Y.*

And that of the laſt by *Monſieur S.*

About twelve years ago I tranſlated Juvenal's Satires: *but the Tenth only was publiſhed. I have now ſelected two from the remaining fifteen; the Fourth, being a fine picture of the court of a luxurious deſpot; and the Fourteenth, which treats of education: for I have long been of opinion, that the art of government and that of education are of more value than all the ſciences.*

SATIRA IV.

ECCE iterùm Criſpinus; & eſt mihi ſæpè vocandus
Ad partes, monſtrum nullâ virtute redemptum
A vitiis, æger, ſolàque libidine fortis:
Delicias viduæ tantùm aſpernatur adulter.
Quid refert igitur quantis jumenta fatiget
Porticibus, quantâ nemorum vectetur in umbrâ,
Jugera quot vicina foro, quas emerit ædes?
Nemo malus felix, minimè corruptor, & idem
Inceſtus, cum quo nuper vittata jacebat
Sanguine adhuc vivo terram ſubitura ſacerdos.
Sed nunc de factis levioribus: & tamen alter
Si feciſſet idem, caderet ſub judice morum.

Nam

SATIRE IV

ONCE more Criſpinus; and I here engage
Often to bring the monſter on the ſtage;
To virtue dead, to lewd exceſſes prone,
A ſickly creature, ſtrong in luſt alone;
For puny vice of too debauch'd a mind,
And to no charms but thoſe of widows blind:
What profits it, by ſlaves or mules convey'd,
To haunt the portico, or court the ſhade;
Or domes and acres near the forum ſeize;
The vicious heart is always ill at eaſe.
That heart a veſtal's ruin durſt contrive,
Tho' unchaſte veſtals are interr'd alive.
But now we treat of lighter faults, tho' vile;
Yet him no beaſtlineſs can e'er defile:

Titius

Nam quod turpe bonis, Titio, Seioque, decebat
Criſpinum. Quid agas, cùm dira & fœdior omni
Crimine perſona eſt ? mullum ſex millibus emit,
Æquantem ſanè paribus ſeſtertia libris,
Ut perhibent, qui de magnis majora loquuntur.
Conſilium laudo artificis, ſi munere tanto
Præcipuam in tabulis ceram ſenis abſtulit orbi.
Eſt ratio ulterior, magnæ ſi miſit amicæ,
Quæ vehitur clauſo latis ſpecularibus antro.
Nil tale expectes : emit ſibi. Multa videmus,
Quæ miſer & frugi non fecit Apicius. Hoc tu
Succinctus patriâ quondam, Criſpine, papyro ?
Hoc pretium ſquamæ ? potuit fortaſſe minoris
Piſcator, quam piſcis, emi. Provincia tanti
Vendit agros ; ſed majores Apulia vendit,

Quales

Titius or Seius might the cenſor dread;
Such freaks would draw his vengeance on their head;
But in Criſpinus they're becoming deeds;
The fellow's character ſuch ſcandal needs:
What puniſhment for *him* can cenſors find,
More foul in perſon than deprav'd in mind.
He bought a barbel at th' enormous rate
Of ſix ſeſtertia for juſt ſix pounds weight;
Prodigious price! So truly, among thoſe
Who know to mend a tale, the ſtory goes:
I could have laugh'd, and prais'd his roguiſh ſkill,
If he had had in view a glutton's will,
And ſome old dotard, for a meal ſo rare,
Had made the giver of the fiſh his heir;
Or had it to ſome pamper'd punk been ſent,
Who in her window'd den rides cloſely pent:
No ſuch advantage this foul ſinner ſought;
'Twas for himſelf the precious diſh was bought:
Apicius is ſurpaſs'd, and, beaſtly waſte,
Rais'd to a pitch beyond his reach and taſte;
One who truſs'd up in bark from Egypt came,
His want and parſimony puts to ſhame.
Was this a price for ſcales? one would have thought
'Twould both the fiſh and fiſherman have bought:
Provincial farms are ſold at cheaper rates,
And, in Apulia, moderate eſtates.

When

Quales tunc epulas ipſum glutiſſe putemus
Induperatorem ? cùm tot ſeſtertia, partem
Exiguam, & modicæ ſumptam de margine cœnæ
Purpureus magni ructâret ſcurra Palatî,
Jam princeps equitum, magnâ qui voce ſolebat
Vendere municipes fractâ de merce ſiluros ?
Incipe Calliope, licet hic conſidere : non eſt
Cantandum : res vera agitur. Narrate puellæ
Pierides ; profit mihi vos dixiſſe puellas.
Cùm jam ſemianimum laceraret Flavius orbem
Ultimus, & calvo ſerviret Roma Neroni,
Incidit Adriaci ſpatium admirabile rhombi,
Ante domum Veneris, quam Dorica ſuſtinet Ancon,
Implevitque ſinus : neque enim minor hæſerat illis,
Quos operit glacies Mæotica, ruptaque tandem

Solibus

When princely coſt infects a private board,
How ſhall the glutton on the throne afford
A luxury proportion'd to ſupport,
And furniſh out a banquet for the court:
Of what ſhall be compos'd the ſumptuous treat,
When a court of ſycophant is grown ſo great,
And gives a ſum exceſſive for a fiſh,
Th' imperial table deems a trifling diſh?
This jeſter of the palace, now become
One of the proudeſt of the proud of Rome,
This leader of the knights, hawk'd ſhads before,
Known from his rivals by his louder roar.
Begin Calliope; deep, ſolemn, flow,
Grand as the ſubject let the numbers flow:
Begin Pierian maids, your aid I claim;
I who invoke you by ſo fair a name.
When Nero, bald-pate, horrid vengeance hurl'd,
And with infernal fury tore the world;
Near Venus' fane, on Ancon's ſhore was caught
A turbot vaſt; itſelf an ample draught:
It fill'd the net; not leſs than thoſe that ſleep,
Hid under ice, in the Meotic deep;
And when approaching ſuns dart keener beams,
And the maſs melting pours in copious ſtreams,

Solibus effundit torpentis ad oſtia Ponti
Deſidiâ tardos, & longo frigore pingues.
Deſtinat hoc monſtrum cymbæ linique magiſter
Pontifici ſummo: quis enim proponere talem,
Aut emere auderet? Cùm plena & littora multo
Delatore forent; diſperſi protinus algæ
Inquiſitores agerent cum remige nudo;
Non dubitaturi fugitivum dicere piſcem,
Depaſtumque diu vivaria Cæſaris, inde
Elapſum, veterem ad dominum debere reverti.
Si quid Palphurio, ſi credimus Armillato,
Quicquid conſpicuum, pulchrumque eſt æquore toto,
Res fiſci eſt, ubicunque natat: donabitur ergò,
Ne pereat, jam letifero cedente pruinis
Antumno, jam quartanam ſperantibus ægris.
Stridebat deformis hyems, prædamque recentem
Servabat: tamen hic poperat, velut urgeat Auſter.

Utque

Down to the lazy Pontic's outlets go,
In ſluggiſh ſhoals, majeſtically ſlow;
Thro' ſloth grown dull and of unweildly mould,
And fatten'd by the length of winter's cold.

The maſter of the boat reſolv'd to keep
This valuable monſter of the deep,
For the chief pontiff; for by whom ſo bold
Durſt ſuch a fiſh be either bought or ſold?
When vile informers cover all the ſhore,
And eagerly in mud and ſea-weed pore;
Theſe knaves would ſend to court the welcome news,
And ſwear the fiſh eſcap'd from Ceſar's ſtews;
" Who dares his emp'ror's property detain?
" The turbot to its lord muſt go again."
The naked boatman, of his prize bereft,
Would be himſelf ſecur'd, and tried for theft.
Since all is Ceſar's, as theſe ſpies maintain,
Whatever rare and beauteous ſwims the main.
The fiſher vow'd to lay it at his feet,
And haſte to court while yet the fiſh was ſweet,
Tho' hoary froſt thro' all the fields appear'd,
And weakly frames returning agues fear'd:
Cold blew the wind, and lively look'd the prey,
Yet ſeem'd the clown to dread the ſultry day,
Hurrying alone, to make the people think
He almoſt ſmelt the fiſh already ſtink.

Utque lacus fuberant, ubi quanquam dirata ſervat
Ignem Trojanum, & Veſtam colit Alba minorem,
Obſtitit intranti miratrix turba parumper.
Ut ceſſit, facili patuerunt cardine valvæ.
Excluſi expectant admiſſa obſonia patres.
Itur ad Atridem : tum Picens, Accipe, dixit,
Privatis majora focis : genialis agatur
Iſte dies ; propera ſtomachum laxare ſaginis,
Et tua ſervatum conſume in ſæcula rhombum.
Ipſe capi voluit. Quid apertius ? & tamen illi
Surgebant criſtæ. Nihil eſt, quod credere de ſe
Non poſſit, cùm laudatur diis æqua poteſtas.
Sed deerat piſci patinæ menſura. Vocantur
Ergo in concilium proceres, quos oderat ille ;

When now the glad Picenian boor drew nigh,
And view'd the lakes where Alba's ruins lie;
Where ſtill the people adoration pay,
To Trojan Veſta in a ſimpler way;
Forth from the town the noiſy rabble ran,
And gaping, ſtaring, ſhoving, ſtopp'd the man:
But preſſing thro', he came where, by command,
Excluded from the court, the fathers ſtand:
And now on eaſy hinges mov'd the gate;
When, lo! Atrides in his pride of ſtate:
Then thus the fawning clown: "Accept, dread lord,
"This fiſh, too ſumptuous for a private board;
"This fiſh before your ſacred feet I lay:
"Indulgent to your genius crown the day;
"Take ſtomach-cakes, and feaſts on that which grew
"To ſuch enormous bulk to pleaſure you:
"It would be taken, proud for you to die.
"Can aught be plainer? Sire, I ſcorn a lie."
And yet in ebbing life all eyes could ſee
The creature ſwell, and ſtruggle to be free:
But ſhort of vanity all flatt'ries fall,
He who affects the god can ſwallow all.
Now as no diſh could large enough be found,
He call'd his peers, the matter to propound:
A ghaſtly paleneſs ev'ry face o'er-ſpread;
The tyrant's friendſhip was their greateſt dread.

In quorum facie miſeræ, magnæque ſedebat
Pallor amicitiæ. Primus, clamante Liburno,
Currite, jam ſedit, raptâ properabat abollâ
Pegaſus, attonitæ poſitus modò villicus urbi.
Anne aliud tunc præfecti? Quorum optimus atque
Interpres legum ſanctiſſimus; omnia quanquam
Temporibus diris tractanda putabat inermi
Juſtitia. Venit & Criſpi jucunda ſenectus.
Cujus erant mores, qualis facundia, mite
Ingenium. Maria, ac terras, populoſque regenti
Quis comes utilitor, ſi clade & peſte ſub illa
Sævitiam damnare, & honeſtum afferre liceret
Conſilium? ſed quid violentius aure tyranni?
Cum quo de pluviis, aut æſtibus, aut nimboſo
Vere locuturi fatum pendebat amici?
Ille igitur nunquam direxit brachia contra
Torrentem. Nec civis erat, qui libera poſſet
Verba animi proferre, & vitam impendere vero.
Sic multas hyemes, atque octogeſima vidit
Solſtitia, his armis, illa quoque tutus in aula.
Proximus ejuſdem properabat Acilius ævi

Cum

Hark, a Liburnian, taller than the crowd,
" Away, away ; he's ſeated ;" cries aloud.
Firſt, in a hurry, tucking up his gown,
Ran Pegaſus, the bailiff of the town,
(What more than bailiffs were the prefects *then*)
This pious judge, and moſt eſteem'd of men,
Durſt not, in ſuch ſad times, the laws maintain,
But blam'd his fate, and ſaw oppreſſion reign.
Next came old Criſpus, pleaſant in his age,
Smooth as his tongue, the manners of the ſage;
A tender-hearted man, and well inclin'd
By mild advice to humanize the mind
Of that fierce ruffian, whoſe deſpotic ſway
Seas, lands, and men were deſtin'd to obey ;
If ſelfiſh ſouls could e'er be taught to feel,
If aught had pow'r to ſoften hearts of ſteel :
But what more dangerous than a tyrant's ear ?
His friends ev'n of the weather ſpoke with fear.
Againſt the torrent Criſpus never ſtrove ;
Nor e'er revil'd the prince he could not love :
He was not one of thoſe who pow'r defy,
And in the cauſe of virtue wiſh to die :
He thought e'en virtue might be bought too dear,
And therefore lived to ſee his eightieth year.
Next him, of equal age, came tott'ring on
Acilius, follow'd by his hapleſs ſon ;

A youth

Cum juvane indigno, quem mors tam fæva maneret,
Et domini gladiis tam feſtinata : ſed olim
Prodigio par eſt in nobilitate ſenectus.
Unde ſit, ut malim fraterculus eſſe gigantum.
Profuit ergo nihil miſero, quod cominùs urſos
Figebet Numidas, Albanâ nudus arenâ
Venator. Quis enim jam non intelligat artes
Patricias? Quis priſcum illud miretur acumen,
Brute tuum? Facile eſt barbato imponere regi.
Nec melior vultu quamvis ignobilis ibat
Rubrius, offenſæ veteris reus, atque tacendæ;
Et tamen improbior Satiram ſcribente cinædo:
Montani quoque venter adeſt abdomine tardus:
Et matutino ſudans Criſpinus amomo;
Quantum vix redolent duo funera: fævior illo
Pompeius tenui jugulos aperire ſufurro:
Et qui vulturibus ſervabat viſcera Dacis
Fuſcus, marmoreâ medatitus prælia villâ:

Et

A youth who merited a better fate,
But 'twas that merit caus'd the tyrant's hate:
Nought more portentous in theſe times appears,
Than one of noble blood advanc'd in years;
Whence I would rather be of humble birth,
A dwarfiſh brother of the ſons of earth:
Naked this deſp'rate youth at Alba fought,
But conqu'ring lions could avail him nought;
Patrician arts are underſtood too well,
And Brutus' ſtory every clown can tell:
Old-faſhion'd cunning! 'twas an eaſy thing
To cheat by mimic pow'rs a bearded king.

Now follow'd Rubrius, of ignoble race;
His look was diſmal, tho' his birth was baſe:
Of an old crime the foul reproach he bore,
Which decency muſt draw the curtain o'er;
Yet durſt with inſolence the vicious note,
Like that imperial brute who ſatires wrote.

Montanus next the council-table gain'd,
Slow with the load of fleſh his ſides ſuſtain'd.
Criſpinus came with ointment cover'd over;
At two interments we ſcarce laviſh more.

And Pompey, fiercer of the two, whoſe ſkill,
Subtle as bloody, could with whiſpers kill.

He too, the man of might, who armies led,
Fuſcus, on whom the Dacian vultures fed;

Who,

Et cum mortifero prudens Veiento Catullo,
Qui nunquam viſæ flagrabat amore puellæ,
Grande, & conſpicuum noſtro quoque tempore monſtrum,
Cæcus adulator, diruſque à ponte ſatelles,
Dignus Arcinos qui mendicaret ad axes,
Blandaque devexæ jactaret baſia rhedæ.
Nemo magis rhombum ſtupuit: nam plurima dixit
In lævum converſus: at illi dextra jacebat
Bellua: ſic pugnas Cilicis laudabat & ictus;
Et pegma, & pueros inde ad velaria raptos.
Non cedit Veiento, ſed ut fanaticus œſtro
Percuſſus, Bellona, tuo divinat; et ingens
Omen habes, inquit, magni, clarique triumphi:
Regem aliquem capies, aut de temone Britanno
Excidet Arviragus: peregrina eſt bellua. Cernis
Erectas in terga ſudes? Hoc defuit unum
Fabricio, patriam ut rhombi memoraret, & annos.

Quidnam

Who, in his mind, ſaw hoſtile troops retreat,
And conquer'd nations at his ſumptuous ſeat.
Then came the baſe Catullus, ſtain'd with blood;
Near whom no virgin e'er untempted ſtood:
Blind as he was he grop'd his way to crimes,
By vice diſtinguiſh'd, in the worſt of times.
A new court-ſycophant, to honours led,
Tho' once the murd'ring minion begg'd his bread;
At ſome bridge-foot, ſtill fit to keep his ſtand,
And, to excite compaſſion, kiſs his hand:
None more admir'd the turbot's ſize and make,
Yet was he guilty of a ſtrange miſtake;
Stretch'd on the right the wondrous creature lay,
He gravely turn'd his head a diff'rent way:
So would he often, at the ſcenic ſhews,
Applaud the flying boys, and fencer's blows.
Veiento came not ſhort; with fury fir'd,
Like fierce Bellona's prieſt he ſeem'd inſpir'd,
"This fiſh," ſaid he, "by pow'r divine is ſent,
"The happy omen of ſome great event;
"Some ſplendid triumph ſhall adorn your reign,
"Some royal captive lead the mournful train;
"Nay, Britain's monarch, flying o'er his team,
"Arviragus, may tumble from the beam:
"That 'tis a foreign creature plain appears,
"You ſee his ſpacious back is ſtuck with ſpears."

Quidnam igitur cenſes? Conciditur? Abſit ab illo
Dedecus hoc, Montanus ait; teſta alta paretur,
Quæ tenui muro ſpatioſum colligat orbem.
Debetur magnus patinæ ſubituſque Prometheus:
Argillam, atque rotam citiùs properate: ſed ex hoc
Tempore jam, Cæſar, figuli tua caſtra ſequantur.
Vicit digna viro ſententia: noverat ille
Luxuriam imperii veterem, nocteſque Neronis
Jam medias, aliamque famem, cùm pulmo Falerno
Arderet. Nulli major fuit uſus edendi
Tempeſtate meâ. Circæis nata forent, an
Lucrinum ad ſaxum, Rutupinove edita fundo
Oſtrea, callebat primo deprendere morſu:
Et ſemel aſpecti littus dicebat echini.
Surgitur & miſſo proceres exire jubentur
Concilio, quos Albanam dux magnus in arcem

Traxerat

Nought by this fawning ſlave remain'd untold,
Except whence came the turbot, and how old.
Ceſar at length the weighty queſtion put,
"What ſay ye, fathers; ſhall the fiſh be cut?"
Far be that dire diſgrace, Montanus cries,
From a ſea-monſter of ſo vaſt a ſize;
'Tis eaſy to beſpeak an earthen diſh,
Whoſe ample orb may hold the gorgeous fiſh:
Send for a potter, ſkilful at his trade,
By whom the pan may out of hand be made;
Quick bring the clay and wheel; and henceforth, ſire,
In all your camps keep potters in the rear.
This ſage advice applauſe from Ceſar drew,
Imperial luxury its author knew;
He had been train'd in Nero's beaſtly court,
The lewd companion of his midnight ſport;
Had learn'd to make pall'd appetite return,
And with ſtrong wine o'er-loaden ſtomachs burn;
To eat by rule none better underſtood,
His taſte was ſupereminently good;
Soon as an oyſter touch'd his lips, he'd name
The very rock from which that oyſter came;
And if a crab was offer'd to his view,
At the firſt glimpſe its ſhore the glutton knew.
They riſe; the bowing ſenate throng the door;
Preſs to begone, nor feel the panic o'er:

Traxerat attonitos, & feſtinare coactos,
Tanquam de Cattis aliquid, torviſque Sicambris
Dicturus; tanquam diverſis partibus orbis
Anxia præcipi veniſſet epiſtola pennâ.
Atque utinam his potiùs nugis tota illa dediſſet
Tempora ſævitiæ, claras quibus abſtulit urbi
Illuſtraſque animas impunè, & vindice nullo.
Sed periit, poſtquam cerdonibus eſſe timendus
Cœperat: hoc nocuit Lamiarum cæde madenti.

SATIRA

The great commander, by his fov'reign pow'r,
Had dragg'd them full of fears to Alba's tow'r:
As when ſome dang'rous news the ſtate alarms,
The Catti or Sicambri up in arms;
Or anxious letters, coming on the wing,
From diſtant climes unwelcome tidings bring.
O! that ſuch whims as theſe, abſurd and vain,
Had made the whole employment of his reign;
In which ſo many gallant chiefs of Rome
Met unreveng'd an ignominious doom!
Yet he who long the daunted great withſtood,
And rioted uncheck'd in Lamian blood,
Sour to the vulgar, ſoon receiv'd the blow,
That ſent him headlong to the ſhades below.

SATIRA XIV.

PLURIMA ſunt, Fuſcine, et famâ digna ſiniſtrâ
Et nitidis maculam hæſuram figentia rebus,
Quæ monſtrant ipſi pueris traduntque parentes.
Si damnoſa ſenem juvat alea, ludit & hæres
Bullatus, parvoque eadem movet arma fritillo.
Nec de ſe meliùs cuiquam ſperare propinquo
Concedet juvenis, qui radere tubera terræ,
Boletum condire, & eodem jure natantes
Mergere ficedulas didicit, nebulone parente,
Et canâ monſtrante gulâ. Cùm ſeptimus annus
Tranſierit puero, nondum omni dente renato

Barbatos

SATIRE XIV.

HOW oft, Fuſcinus, habits worthy blame,
Habits that tarniſh an illuſtrious name,
By parents prone to vice, and void of thought,
To harmleſs childhood ſhamefully are taught!
If dice, ſad paſtime, to the father yield,
The ſame vile arms his little ſon ſhall wield.
So of that ill-train'd youth his friends deſpair,
Who peels champignons with peculiar care;
The floating beccafico ſkill'd to ſteep,
In precious muſhroom-liquor plunging deep;
His parents ſav'ry meſſes fond to note,
The baby mimic of a hoary throat:
Ere yet ſev'n years experience he has known,
Before his ſecond ſet of teeth is grown,

A thouſand

Barbatos licet admoveas mille inde magiſtros,
Hinc totidem, cupiet lauto cœnare paratu
Semper, et à magnâ non degenerare culinâ.
Mitem animam, et mores modicis erroribus æquos
Præcipit, atque animos ſervorum, & corpora noſtrâ
Materiâ conſtare putat, paribuſque elementis:
Au fævire docet Rutilus? qui gaudet acerbo
Plagarum ſtrepitu, & nullam Sirena flagellis
Comparat, Antiphates trepidi laris, ac Polyphemus?
Tum felix, quoties aliquis tortore vocato
Uritur ardenti duo propter lintea ferro.
Quid ſuadet juveni lætus ſtridore catenæ,
Quem mirè afficiunt inſcripta ergaſtula, carcer
Ruſticus? Exſpectas ut non ſit adultera Largæ
Filia, quæ nunquam maternos dicere mœchos
Tam citò, nec tanto poterit contexere curſu,
Ut non ter decies reſpiret? Conſcia matri
Virgo fuit: ceras nunc hâc dictante puſillas
Implet, et ad mœchum dat eiſdem ferre cinœdis.
Sic natura jubet: velociùs & citiùs nos

Corrumpunt

A thouſand tutors on this hand provide,
And place as many on the further ſide;
He'll never from his glutton taſte depart,
But carry ſtill the kitchen in his heart.
Does Rutilus diſplay a gentle mind,
To pardon inadvertencies inclin'd;
That ſlaves have bodies like our own believe,
Or that from heav'n like us they ſouls receive?
No, Rutilus a ſavage temper ſhews,
And cheers his rancour with the ſound of blows;
No Siren's notes, like flagellation, pleaſe
This Polyphemus, this Antiphates,
Supremely bleſt, when ſlaves the torture feel,
And for two clouts endure the burning ſteel:
How ſhall that youth be humaniz'd, whoſe ſire
Aught but the rattling chain could ne'er admire;
Whoſe eyes are gratified with horrid ſights,
Whoſe heart the brand or country jail delights?
Can Larga's daughter ever modeſt prove,
And loath the trade impure of lawleſs love;
Who, calling Larga's liſt of lovers o'er,
Muſt draw her breath a hundred times or more?
The child had eyes, and now ſhe ſends abroad
Soft notes, the dictates of the batter'd bawd;
And, as her truſty meſſengers, employs
Her execrable mother's filthy boys:

Corrumpunt vitiorum exempla domeſtica, magnis
Cùm ſubeunt animos auctoribus. Unus, & alter
Forſitan hæc ſparnant juvenes, quibus arte benignâ
Et meliore luto finxit præcordia Titan.
Sed reliquos fugienda patrum veſtigia ducunt;
Et monſtrata diu veteris trahit orbita culpæ.
Abſtineas igitur damnandis; hujus enim vel
Una potens ratio eſt, ne crimina noſtra ſequantur
Ex nobis geniti; quoniam dociles imitandis
Turpibus ac pravis omnes ſumus; & Catilinam
Quocunque in populo videas, quocunque ſub axe
Sed non Brutus erit, Bruti nec avunculus uſquam.
Nil dictu fœdum, viſuque hæc limina tangat,
Intra quæ puer eſt. Procul hinc, procul inde puellæ
Lenonum, & cantus pernoctantis paraſiti.
Maxima debetur puero reverentia. Si quid
Turpe paras, nec tu pueri contempſeris annos:
Sed peccaturo obſiſtat tibi filius infans.
Nam ſi quid dignum cenſoris fecerit irâ,
(Quando quidem ſimilem tibi ſe non corpore tantùm,
Nec vultu dederit, morum quoque filius) & cùm
Omnia deteriùs tua per veſtigia peccet,

Corripies

Parental vices ſoon our hearts infect,
Becauſe they flow from thoſe we moſt reſpect.
Yet here and there a youth of folly born,
His father's vices will reject with ſcorn;
But ſuch are ſent heav'n's bounty to diſplay,
And Titan forms their hearts of fineſt clay:
The reſt from vile example vice acquire,
Drawn by the vortex that ingulph'd the ſire.
Then let the parent blameful actions ſhun,
'Tis cauſe ſufficient that they ſpoil the ſon;
Prone is the nature of the human race
To imitate whate'er is foul and baſe;
And tho' no clime from Catilines is free,
We ſcarce a Brutus or a Cato ſee.
Let nought improper to be ſeen or ſaid
Approach the threſhold where a boy is bred:
Away, begone, ye wanton brothel-throng;
Begone, ye paraſites, with midnight ſong;
The greateſt rev'rence is to childhood due;
Let not its ruin riſe from copying you:
If ill you purpoſe, to the boy give heed,
And let his preſence ſtop the vitious deed.
Now, if the cenſor ſhould the youth rebuke,
(Not like his ſire in nought but ſhape and look,
But in his turpitude of life the ſame)
Doubtleſs againſt his morals you'll exclaim;

Corripies nimirùm, et caſtigabis acerbo
Clamore, ac poſt hæc tabulas mutare parabis.
Unde tibi frontem libertatemque parentis,
Cùm facias pejora ſenex ? vacuumque cerebro
Jampridem caput hoc ventoſa cucurbita quærat ?
Hoſpite venturo ceſſabit nemo tuorum :
Verre pavimentum ; nitidas oſtende columnas ;
Arida cum totâ deſcendat aranea telâ :
Hic læve argentem ; vaſa aſpera tergeat alter :
Vox domini fremit inſtantis, virgamque tenentis.
Ergo miſer trepidas, ne ſtercore fœda canino
Atria diſpliceant oculis venientis amici,
Ne perfuſa luto ſit porticus : et tamen uno
Semodio ſcobis hæc emaudet ſervulus unus.
Illud non agitas, ut ſanctam filius omni
Aſpiciat ſine labe domum, vitioque carentem ?
Gratum eſt, quod patriæ civem populoque dediſti,
Si facis ut patriæ ſit idoneus, utilis agris,
Utilis et bellorum, et pacis rebus agendis.
Plurimùm enim intererit quibus artibus & quibus hunc tu
Moribus inſtituas. Serpente ciconia pullos
Nutrit, & inventâ per devia rura lacertâ :
Illi eadem ſumptis quærunt animalia pennis.

Vultur

And vow, if that looſe courſe he follow ſtill,
You'll ſpurn the profligate, and change your will.
Say, with what front can you thoſe threats employ,
And claim a parent's right to chide the boy;
While you, with all your years, are far leſs wiſe,
And for the cupping-horn your noddle cries?
Gods! what a rout, when you a gueſt expect!
Arm'd with a ſapling, you the work direct;
Scrub all the floors, and make the pillars clean,
And let no ſpiders, or their webs, be ſeen;
You ſcour the figur'd plate, and you the plain;
Loud cries the maſter in a threat'ning ſtrain.
O, wretched mortal! are you then diſtreſs'd
Leſt your neglected hall offend your gueſt;
Leſt foul with dirt your portico be ſeen,
Which half a peck of ſcatter'd duſt would clean;
And watch not that your houſe be undefil'd,
And vices baniſh'd that corrupt your child?
Thanks to that ſire a grateful people owes,
Who ſome new citizen on Rome beſtows;
If uſeful arts the gen'rous youth endow,
Form'd for the camp, the forum, and the plough,
Much it imports what precepts we inſtil:
The ſtork the ſerpent carries in her bill,
Warm in their neſt, to feed her callow brood;
And ever after ſervants are their food:

By

Vultur jumento & canibus crucibuſque relictis,
Ad fœtus properat, partemque cadaveris affert.
Hinc eſt ergo cibus magni quoque vulturis, & ſe
Paſcentis, propria cùm jam facit arbore nidos.
Sed leporem, aut capream, famulæ Jovis, & generoſæ
In ſaltu venantur aves : hinc præda cubili
Ponitur : inde autem, cùm ſe matura levârit
Progenies ſtimulante fame, feſtinat ad illam,
Quam primùm rupto prædam guſtaverat ovo.
Ædificator erat Centronius, et modò curvo
Littore Caietæ, ſummâ nunc Tiburis arce,
Nunc Prænestinis in montibus, alta parabat
Culmina villarum, Græcis longèque petitis
Marmoribus, vincens Fortunæ atque Herculis ædem ;
Ut ſpado vincebat Capitolia noſtra Poſides.
Dum ſic ergo habitat Centronius, imminuit rem,
Fregit opes, nec parva tamen menſura relictæ
Partis erat : totam hanc turbavit filius amens,
Dum meliore novas attollit marmore villas.

Quidam

By the keen vulture to her young are brought
The fleſh of dogs, and that on croſſes fought;
Such carcaſſes ſupply the vultures grown,
When neſts they build for younglings of their own:
The birds of Jove, and thoſe of noble breed,
On hares and roes that range the foreſt feed;
Hence to their home the talon'd race convey
The ſav'ry morſels of the mangled prey;
The brood when fledg'd ſeek that they taſted firſt,
When with their beaks the brittle ſhell they burſt.
Centronius, eager to acquire a name,
Built many an edifice of ſtately frame;
One while Cajeta's winding ſhore he choſe,
One while on Tiburs' ſummit ſtructures roſe;
Now on Preneſtes' hills, uprear'd ſublime,
Stood domes of marble from ſome diſtant clime;
The fane of Hercules was far out-done,
To Fortune's temple they ſuperior ſhone;
As thoſe Poſides, that rich eunuch, rais'd,
More than our capitols the ſight amaz'd:
To ſooth his pride in this diſplay of taſte,
Centronius' wealth was running faſt to waſte;
But, ſtopt in his career by ruling fate,
He died, and left his heir a large eſtate:
The ſame deſtructive paſſion ſeiz'd the ſon;
And he by ſplendid villas was undone.

Some,

Quidam ſortiti metuentem Sabbota patrem,
Nil præter nubes, & cœli numen adorant:
Nec diſtare putant humanâ carne ſuillam,
Quâ pater abſtinuit; mox & præputia ponunt:
Romanas autem ſoliti contemnere leges,
Judaïcum ediſcunt, & ſervant, ac metuunt jus,
Tradidit arcano quodcunque volumine Moſes,
Non monſtrare vias, eadem niſi ſacra colenti;
Quæſitum ad fontem ſolos deducere verpos.
Sed pater in cauſâ, cui ſeptima quæque fuit lux
Ignava, et partem vitæ non attigit ullam.
Sponte tamen juvenis imitantur cætera: ſolam
Inviti quoque avaritiam exercere jubentur.
Fallit enim vitium ſpecie virtutis et umbrâ,
Cùm ſit triſte habitu, vultuque et veſte ſeverum.
Nec dubiè tanquam frugi laudatur avarus,
Tanquam parcus homo, et rerum tutela ſuarum
Certa magis, quam ſi fortunas ſervet eaſdem
Heſperidum ſerpens, aut Ponticus. Adde quod hunc, de
Quo loquor, egregium populus putat atque verendum
Artificem: quippe his creſcunt patrimonia fabris,
Sed creſcunt quocunque modo, majoraque fiunt
Incude aſſiduâ, ſemperque ardente camino.

Et

Some, ſprung from fathers, who with rev'rent awe,
Obſerv'd the ſabbaths of the Jewiſh law,
Their adoration to the gods deny,
All but the clouds and ruler of the ſky;
Swine's fleſh alike as man's they dare not eat,
Becauſe it never was their parent's meat,
Their fore-ſkins are cut off, when newly born,
And ſoon they learn the Roman laws to ſcorn;
The Jewiſh rites they ſtudy, keep, and dread,
And all in Moſes' myſtic volume read;
Aidleſs they leave the traveller to ſtray,
Who worſhips Providence a diff'rent way;
Nor will they to the ſpring the thirſty lead,
Unleſs a brother of the curtail breed:
Their fathers are the cauſe; who idle lay,
And of their lives loſt ev'ry ſeventh day.

To copy vice, by nature, youth is given;
Led to all others, but to av'rice driv'n:
For this can feign, and virtue's look expreſs,
Grave in its carriage, countenance, and dreſs;
The miſer for his prudence lives ador'd,
Intrepid guardian of his ſacred hoard;
Nor Pontic nor Heſperian ſnake of old,
His rich depoſite watch'd, as he his gold;
On ſuch a man the crowd with rapture gaze,
And as a wondrous artiſt loudly praiſe;

Et pater ergo animi felices credit avaros,
Qui miratur opes, qui nulla exempla beati
Pauperis eſſe putat, juvenes hortatur, ut illam
Ire viam pergant, & eidem incumbere ſectæ.
Sunt quædam vitiorum elementa : his protinus illos
Imbuit, & cogit minimas ediſcere ſordes.
Mox acquirendi docet inſatiabile votum.
Servorum ventres modio caſtigat iniquo,
Ipſe quoque eſuriens : neque enim omnia ſuſtinet unquam
Mucida cœrulei panis conſumere fruſta,
Heſternum ſolitus medio ſervare minutal
Septembri ; nec non differre in tempora cœnæ
Alterius, conchem æſtivi cum parte lacerti
Signatam, vel dimidio putrique ſiluro,
Filaque ſectivi numerata includere porri.
Invitatus ad hæc aliquis de ponte negarit.
Sed quò divitias hæc per tormenta coactas ?
Cum furor haud dubius, cum ſit manifeſta phreneſis,
Ut locuples moriaris, egenti vivere fato ?

Interea

Theſe are the drudges who eſtates acquire,
Still founds their anvil, and ſtill glows the fire;
By unremitting toil each fortune grows,
But how the work is done, heav'n only knows.
That wealth alone felicity can give,
And who is poor in wretchedneſs muſt live,
Is the mean father's creed, who urges on
To uſury and craft th' ingenuous ſon.
Vice has its elements; firſt theſe are taught,
And ſoon to ſordid arts the boy is brought;
Then, in the filth of lucre plunging deep,
He learns the miſer's trade to rob and heap.
The fire his miſerable morſel ſaves,
And by falſe meaſure ſtarves his wretched ſlaves;
Nor ſuffers all his cruſts, tho' hard and ſour'd,
Of vileſt bread to be at once devour'd;
E'en in September's putrifying heat,
He locks up half his medley meſs of meat;
He, for another ſupper, ſeals the diſh
That holds the poor remains of beans and fiſh;
For ſtinking ſhads a private corner ſeeks,
Mix'd with the counted ſtrings of ſorry leeks:
Should he invite the wretch who begs his bread,
He'd ſcorn with ſuch rank offals to be fed.
What end is anſwer'd by this golden hoard,
With plague, with torment, by the miſer ſtor'd?

Intereà pleno cum turget ſacculus ore,
Creſcit amor nummi, quantum ipſa pecunia creſcit:
Et minus hanc optat, qui non habet. Ergo paratur
Altera villa tibi, cùm rus non ſufficit unum,
Et proferre libet fines; majorque videtur,
Et melior vicina ſeges. Mercaris, & hunc, &
Arbuſta, & densâ montem qui canet olivâ:
Quorum ſi pretio dominus non vincitur ullo,
Nocte boves macri, laſſoque famelica collo
Armenta ad virides hujus mittentur ariſtas;
Nec priùs inde domum, quam tota novalia fævos
In ventres abeant, ut credas falcibus actum.
Dicere vix poſſis, quam multi talia plorent,
Et quot venales injuria fecerit agros.
Sed qui ſermones? Quæ fœdæ buccina famæ?
Quid nocet hoc, inquit. Tunicam mihi malo lupini,
Quàm ſi me toto laudet vicinia pago
Exigui ruris pauciſſima farra ſecantem.
Scilicet et morbis et debilitate carebis,

'Tis folly manifeſt; 'tis madneſs, ſure,
To aim at dying rich by living poor.
When cramm'd with coin the burſting bag o'erflows,
The love of money with the money grows:
He who poſſeſſes but a ſlender ſtore,
Is ever found the laſt to covet more.
You'll buy another villa, other grounds,
One farms too little, you'll extend your bounds;
Your neighbour's grain ſeems lovelier to your view,
You'll purchaſe that fair crop, and orchard too;
Nay add his plenteous olives to your ſtore,
And buy the hill with bloſſoms ſilver'd o'er:
But if not all your gold, not all your art,
Can tempt this neighbour with his lands to part,
Your meager ox, and all the famiſh'd breed,
By night are driv'n on verdant ears to feed;
So bare the field is ſtript, that one would ſwear
The reaper with his ſickle had been there:
How many mourn their loſs I ſcarce could tell,
How many thus are forc'd their farms to ſell.
But ſad and ſurly ſounds the trump of fame:
"What's that to me? I ſcorn an empty name:
"I rather would have wealth, and live deſpis'd,
"Than ſhine by all around for virtue priz'd;
"If to that virtue muſt be join'd the pain
"To ſtore from little fields ſmall heaps of grain."

Doubtleſs,

Et luctum & curam effugies, & tempora vitæ
Longa tibi poſt hæc fato meliore dabuntur;
Si tantam culti ſolus poſſederis agri,
Quantum ſub Tatio populus Romanus arabat.
Mox etiam fractis ætate, ac Punica paſſis
Prælia, vel Pyrrhum immanem, gladioſque Moloſſos,
Tandem pro multis vix jugera bina dabantur
Vulneribus. Merces ea ſanguinis atque laboris
Nullis viſa unquam mertitis minor, aut ingratæ
Curta fides patriæ. Saturabat glebula talis
Patrem ipſum, turbamque caſæ, quâ fœta jacebat
Uxor, & infantes ludebant quatuor, unus
Vernula, tres domini: ſed magnis fratribus horum
A ſcrobe vel ſulco redeuntibus, altera cœna
Amplior, & grandes fumabant pultibus ollæ.
Nunc modus hic agri noſtro non ſufficit horto.
Inde ferè ſcelerum cauſæ, nec plura venena
Miſcuit, aut ferro graſſatur ſæpiùs ullum
Humanæ mentis vitium, quàm ſæva cupido

Indomiti

Doubtleſs, you no infirmities will ſhare,
No ſickneſs undergo, no grief, no care,
Your life will reach above life's common date,
And paſs ſerenely thro' the ſmiles of fate;
When-e'er as large a tract of land is gain'd,
As Tatius and his realm of old maintain'd:
Long after, to the Roman, broke with age,
Train'd to defy the Punic's ſoldier's rage,
Or the fell monarch's in Moloſſian wars,
Two acres recompens'd a world of ſcares;
For modeſt worth their value underſtood,
Nor deem'd too ſmall for all his toil and blood:
The ſcanty produce of this little ſpot
Suſtain'd the ſire, and all that throng'd the cot;
Where his induſtrious wife in child-bed lay,
And four ſtout infants were engag'd at play,
Three maſters; one, a ſlave; where, ſmoaking hot,
The pulſe appear'd in a capacious pot;
A ſecond meſs with hearty labour earn'd
By their big brothers from the plough return'd:
The whole extent of this old warrior's field
Space for a modern garden ſcarce would yield.
Here the chief ſource of villany we find;
And never more has man's diſtemper'd mind
Recourſe to daggers or the poiſon'd bowl,
Than when the luſt of riches ſtains the ſoul:

For

Indomiti cenſus. Nam dives qui fieri vult,
Et citò vult fieri. Sed quæ reverentia legum ?
Quis metus, aut pudor eſt unquam properantis avari ?
Vivite contenti caſulis, & collibus iſtis,
O pueri, Marſus dicebat & Hernicus olim,
Veſtinuſque ſenex : panem quæramus aratro,
Qui ſatis eſt menſis. Laudant hoc Numina ruris,
Quorum ope & auxilio, gratæ poſt munus ariſtæ,
Contingunt homini veteris faſtidia quercus,
Nil vetitum feciſſe volet, quem non pudet alto
Per glaciem perone tegi ; qui ſummovet Euros
Pellibus inverſis. Peregrina ignotaque nobis
Ad ſcelus atque nefas, quodcumque eſt, purpura ducit.
Hæc illi veteres præcepta minoribus. At nunc
Poſt finem Butumni mediâ de nocte ſupinum
Clamoſus juvenem pater excitat ; accipe ceras,
Scribe puer, vigila, cauſas age, perlege rubras
Majorum leges, aut vitem poſce libello.
Sed caput intactum buxo, nareſque piloſas

Annotet,

For they who in purſuit of fortune run,
Will ever wiſh the buſineſs quickly done.
Then what reſpect, what rev'rence of the law,
What ſhame, what fears, can poſting miſers awe?
" Your cots and hills, my children, be your pride,"
The good old Marſian and Veſtinian cried;
" We'll earn our bread by turning up the ſoil,
" The rural deities applaud our toil;
" By their aſſiſtance corn was taught to grow;
" To them contempt of acorn-meals we owe.
" Nothing irregular that man can do,
" Who bluſhes not to wear a clumſy ſhoe;
" Who, rough and hardy, wades thro' mountain-ſnows,
" And the furr'd ſkin inverts, when Eurus blows:
" 'Tis foreign purple, boys, to us unknown,
" That into ev'ry vice has nations thrown."
Thus they harangu'd of old, their youth to ſave,
Such the wiſe precepts thoſe good ancients gave.
But now the father, ere the night be gone,
After the end of autumn, wakes the ſon:
Rouſe, boy, take up your tablets, quick; write, plead,
And the red laws of your forefathers read;
Or, if your choice, petition for the vine,
Around your head your hair diſorder'd twine,
Your noſtrils ſhagg'd, and ſhoulders broad diſplay,
And Lelius' ſelf with wonder ſhall ſurvey;

Annotet, et grandes miretur Lælius alas.
Dirue Maurorum attegias, caſtella Brigantûm,
Ut locupletem aquilam tibi ſexageſimus annus
Afferat: aut longas caſtrorum ferre labores
Si piget, et trepido ſolvunt tibi cornua ventrem,
Cum lituis audita, pares, quod vendere poſſis
Pluris dimidio, nec te faſtîdia mercis
Ullius ſubeant ablegandæ Tiberim ultra:
Nec credas ponendum aliquid diſcriminis inter
Unguenta, et corium. Lucri bonus eſt odor ex re
Quâliber. Illa tuo ſententia ſemper in ore
Verſetur, dîs atque ipſo Jove digna, poëtæ:
Unde habeas quærit nemo; ſed oportet habere.
Hoc monſtrant vetulæ pueris poſcentibus aſſem:
Hoc diſcunt omnes ante Alpha et Beta puellæ.
Talibus inſtantem monitis quemcunque parentem
Sic poſſem affari: dic, ô vaniſſime, quis te
Feſtinare jubet? meliorem præſto magiſtro
Diſcipulum. Securus abi: vinceris, ut Ajax
Præteriit Telamonem, ut Pelea vicit Achilles.
Parcendum eſt teneris: nondum implevêre medullas

Nativæ

Brigantian huts and Mooriſh cots deſtroy,
And a rich eagle at threeſcore enjoy.
But if the duties of the camp you fear,
If the loud trumpet terrify your ear,
The profitable line of commerce try,
And what will ſell for twice its value buy;
Let not foul wares excite your diſcontent,
Tho' fit beyond the Tiber to be ſent;
Where profit is concern'd, 'tis fooliſh pride
To think perfumes are ſweeter than a hide;
The ſmell of lucre is a grateful thing,
Tho' from abominable filth it ſpring:
Safely the poet's maxim all may truſt,
"None queſtion whence you have, but have you muſt."
A ſentence worthy of the pow'rs above,
Nay fit to be the words of ſov'reign Jove:
'Tis this the tattling nurſe repeats with joy,
When jingling *aſſes* pleaſe the craving boy;
And little girls are taught this modern creed,
Before the chits their alphabet can read.
To ſome baſe father, teaching thus his ſon,
I'd cry aloud; "Vain wretch, why urge him on?
"Too faſt he hurries, nor has need of you;
"The ſcholar ſoon the maſter will out do:
"As Ajax Telamon excell'd in might;
"As Peleus yielded to his ſon in fight."

Nativæ mala neguitiæ : cùm pectore barbam
Cœperit, et longi mucronem admittere cultri,
Falsus erit testis, vendet perjuria summâ
Exiguâ, Cereris tangens aramque pedemque.
Elatam jam crede nurum, si limina vestra
Mortiferâ cum dote subit. Quibus illa premetur
Per somnum digitis ? Nam quæ terrâque marique
Acquirenda putes, brevior via conferet illi.
Nullus enim magni sceleris labor. Hæc ego nunquam
Mandavi, dices olim, nec talia suasi :
Et lævo monitu pueros producit avaros ;
Mentis causa malæ tamen est et origo penes te.
Nam quisquis magni censûs præcepit amorem,
Et qui per fraudes patrimonia conduplicare
Dat libertatem, totas effundit habenas
Curriculo : quem si revoces, subsistere nescit,
Et te contempto rapitur, metisque relictis.
Nemo satis credit tantum delinquere, quantum
Permittas : adeò indulgent sibi latius ipsi.
Cùm dicis juveni, stultum, qui donet amico,
Qui paupertatem levet, attollatque propinqui ;

Et

Abſurd your practice villany to teach,
Doubt not the parent's vice his ſoul will reach:
Soon as the manly down his cheek ſhall grace
And the keen razor ſkim his tender face;
At Ceres' ſhrine the perjur'd knave ſhall ſtand,
And on the goddeſs' foot extend his hand:
Should ſome rich virgin mount his genial bed,
Believe the hapleſs fair already dead;
The black attempt is certain to ſucceed,
A finger's touch achieves the monſtrous deed:
Traffick by ſea and land you recommend,
He learns a ſhorter way to gain his end;
Small pains ſuffice to make the finiſh'd knave.
You'll ſay, ſuch principles you never gave;
Yet you firſt bent the genius of your ſon,
The ſource of all his heart and hand have done;
For parents who to guile their children train,
Who taint their tender minds with luſt of gain,
Who ſhew them how by cheating fortunes grow,
The reins at random on the chariot throw;
The driver's voice the ſteeds refuſe to hear,
And ruſh impetuous in their wild career:
None will ſo far his liberty reſign,
To drop the raſcal where you draw the line.
By calling blockhead him who helps his friends,
Or to his poor relations preſents ſends,

You

Et ſpoliare doces, et circumſcribere, et omni
Crimine divitias acquirere, quarum amor in te eſt,
Quantus erat patriæ Deciorum in pectore, quantum
Dilexit Thebas, ſi Græcia vera, Menœceus:
In quorum ſulcis legiones dentibus anguis
Cum clypeis naſcuntur, et horrida bella capeſſunt
Continuò, tanquam et tubicen ſurrexerit unà.
Ergo ignem, cujus ſcintellas ipſe dediſti,
Flagrantem latè, et rapientem cuncta videbis.
Nec tibi parcetur miſero, trepidumque magiſtrum
In caveâ magno fremitu leo tollet alumnus.
Nota mathematicis geneſis tua: ſed grave tardas
Expectare colos, morieris ſtamine nondum
Abrupto: jam nunc obſtas, et vota moraris;
Jam torquet juvenem longa et cervina ſenectus.
Ocius Archigenem quære, atque eme quod Mithridates
Compoſuit, ſi vis aliam decerpere ficum,
Atque alias tractare roſas: medicamen habendum eſt,
Sorbere ante cibum quod debeat aut pater aut rex.
Monſtro voluptatem egregium, cui nulla theatra,
Nulla æquare queas prætoris pulpita lauti,

Si

You teach to gather wealth by impious art,
That wealth whoſe dazzling charms enſlave your heart;
How ſtrong your paſſion for deſtructive gold!
Such for their country heroes felt of old;
Such in the boſoms of the Decii grew;
Such in Meneceus' breaſt, if Greece ſay true:
Greece, in whoſe furrows men in arms aroſe,
And with inſatiate fury dealt their blows;
From dragons' teeth upſprung thoſe men of might,
Who fought, as tho' the trump had rous'd the fight;
Thus from a ſpark a mighty fire you raiſe,
And the flames ſpread, till all is in a blaze.
Your wretched ſelf ſhall feel this lion's pow'r;
Th' ungrateful whelp his keeper ſhall devour:
Aſtrologer's you think your fortune know,
But diſtaffs work intolerably ſlow;
Periſh you muſt, ere yet your thread is broke;
Your long-enduring years the youth provoke:
Send to the doctor; let a doſe be bought
Of that fam'd compound Mithridates wrought;
If you indulge a wiſh on earth to dwell
New figs to gather, or new roſes ſmell:
Take phyſic, ere your ſlaves the dinner bring,
'Tis good for ev'ry fire, and ev'ry king.
A comic ſhew diverts the watchful eye,
A ſhew, with which no ſcenic ſport can vie,

The

Si ſpectes quanto capitis diſcrimine conſtant
Incrementa domûs, æratâ multus in arcâ
Fiſcus, et ad vigilem ponendi Caſtora nummi,
Ex quo Mars ultor galeam quoque perdidit, et res
Non potuit ſervare ſuas. Ergo omnia Floræ
Et Cereris licet, et Cybeles aulæa relinquas,
Tanto majores humana negotia ludi.
An magis oblectant animum jactata petauro
Corpora, quique ſolent rectum deſcendere funem?
Quam tu, Corycià ſemper qui puppe moraris,
Atque habitas, coro ſemper tollendus et Auſtro,
Perditus ac vilis facci mercator olentis?
Qui gaudes pingue antiquæ de littore Cretæ
Paſſum et municipes Jovis advexiſſe lagenas?
Hic tamen ancipiti figens veſtigia plantâ
Victum illâ mercede parat, brumamque famemque
Illâ reſte cavet: tu propter mille talenta
Et centum villas temerarius. Aſpice portus,
Et plenum magnis trabibus mare. Plus hominum eſt jam
In pelago: veniet claſſis, quocumque vocârit
Spes lucri; nec Carpathium, Gætulaque tantùm

Æquora

The ſplendid ſpectacles ſurpaſſing far,
Giv'n by the pretor in his pompous car,
When thoſe egregious miſchiefs we behold,
That wait on childiſh men who thirſt for gold;
Whoſe braſs-bound coffers many a bag contain
Of coins deſign'd for watchful Caſtor's fane;
(For ſince the theft of Mars's helm was known,
None truſt a godhead plunder'd of his own.)
To idle games 'tis folly to reſort:
The buſy ſcenes of life yield nobler ſport.
Can vaulting tumblers more delight afford;
Can he who flies along the ſloping cord;
Than you, rich fool, who in your veſſel dwell,
Toſs'd as the tempeſt blows and waters ſwell;
Who, loſt to ſhame, your cuſtomers attend,
And pedler-like, your aromatics vend;
Import of Cretan wine a muddy ſtore,
And deal in flagons from Jove's native ſhore?
He who along the rope extended ſlides,
A cloak and ſupper by his art provides;
But what pays you for all your dread alarms?
A thouſand talents and a hundred farms.
Ships cover now our ſea, as well as ports;
Man more to water than to land reſorts:
On Lybian and Carpathian waves we ride,
The gulf of Hercules ſhall next be tried:

Æquora tranſiliet : ſed longè Calpe relictâ,
Audiet Herculeo ſtridentem gurgite ſolem.
Grande operæ pretium eſt, ut tenſo folle reverti
Inde domum poſſis, tumidâque ſuperbus alutâ,
Oceani monſtra, et juvenes vidiſſe marinos.
Non unus mentes agitat furor. ille ſororis
In manibus vultu Eumenidum terretur et igni.
Hic bove percuſſo mugire Agamemnona credit,
Aut Ithacum. Parcat tunicis licèt atque lacernis,
Curatoris eget, qui navem mercibus implet
Ad ſummum latus, et tabulâ diſtinguitur undâ;
Cùm ſit cauſa mali tanti, et diſcriminis hujus,
Conciſum argentum in titulos facieſque minutas.
Occurrunt nubes & fulgura : ſolvite funem,
Frumenti dominus clamat, piperiſque coemptor;
Nil color hic cœli, nil faſcia nigra minatur:
Æſtivum tonat. Infelix, ac forſitan ipsâ
Nocte cadet fractis trabibus, fluctuque premetur
Obrutus, et zonam lævâ morſuve tenebit.
Sed, cujus votis modò non ſuffecerat aurum,
Quod Tagus, et rutilâ volvit Pactolus arenâ,

Frigida

And the bold ſailor, with aſtoniſh'd ear,
The hiſſing of the ſolar chariot hear.
A noble feat, to diſtant climes to roam,
That with ſwell'd purſes you may ſtrut at home,
And tell the crowd, in oſtentatious ſtrain,
What tritons roſe and monſters of the main!
Unlike are madmen: one a ſiſter fears,
And thinks a fury with her torch appears;
Another, when his ſpear a bullock gores,
Thinks Agamemnon or Ulyſſes roars:
As much that man demands a keeper's care,
Tho' he forbears his veſt and cloak to tear,
Fond in an over-loaden ſhip to ſleep,
While one poor plank preſerves him from the deep;
The prize for which he runs this deſp'rate race,
A piece of ſilver with a pigmy face.
Lo, duſk and light'ning! "Launch into the main;"
Cries out the mighty lord of ſpice and grain,
"That gloom is nothing but a flying cloud;
"'Tis only ſummer-thunder roars ſo loud."
Miſer, whom no prognoſtics can affect,
Perhaps this night thy veſſel may be wreck'd;
Thou pale and ſtruggling by the ſurge be roll'd,
And thy left hand or teeth thy girdle hold:
Thou, not content the treaſures to command
Of Tagus' and Pactolus' glitt'ring ſand,

Frigida ſufficient velantes inguina panni,
Exiguuſque cibus, mersâ rate naufragus aſſem
Dum petit, et pictâ ſe tempeſtate tuetur.
Tantis parta malis, curâ majore metuque
Servantur. Miſera eſt magni cuſtodia censûs.
Diſpoſitis prædives hamis vigilare cohortem
Servorum noctu Licinus jubet, attonitus pro
Electro, ſigniſque ſuis, Phrygiâque columnâ,
Atque ebore, et latâ teſtudine. Dolia nudi
Non ardent Cynici : ſi fregeris, altera fiet
Cras domus ; aut eadem plumbo commiſſa manebit.
Senſit Alexander, teſtâ cùm vidit in illâ
Magnum habitatorem, quantò felicior hic, qui
Nil cuperet, quàm qui totum ſibi poſceret orbem,
Paſſurus geſtis æquanda pericula rebus.
Nullum numen abeſt, ſi ſit prudentia : nos te,
Nos facimus, Fortuna, deam. Menſura tamen quæ
Sufficiat censûs, ſi quis me conſulat, edam.
In quantum ſitis atque fames & frigora poſcunt :
Quantum, Epicure, tibi parvis ſuffecit in hortis ;

Quantum

A lamentable figure, rags may'ſt wear,
And all the pains of cold and hunger bear;
The ſhip-wreck'd beggar's character perform,
And ſue for *aſſes* with a painted ſtorm.
When ills bring wealth, we fear its loſs the more;
And 'tis a wretched life to watch our ſtore.
His buckets plac'd in order in his hall,
And guards of ſervants ready at the call,
Rich Licinus with pain retires to bed,
His amber and his ſtatues fill his head;
He pines amidſt his iv'ry and his ſhells,
While in his pan content the cynic dwells;
Break it, to-morrow he'll a ſtronger find;
Or his old veſſel's cracks with ſolder bind.
When Alexander in amazement found
So great a being in ſo ſmall a round,
He felt how happier he who nought deſires,
Than he who for his empire worlds requires;
Who 'midſt his conqueſts muſt great ills ſuſtain;
And ſhares no glory equal to his pain.
All heav'n would favour man, if man were wiſe;
And thou, fool fortune, tumble from the ſkies.
Should I be aſk'd my judgment to relate,
And ſhew what makes a competent eſtate;
I'd ſay; "As much as will from hunger ſave;
"What Epicurus' little garden gave;

"What

Quantum Socratici cæperunt antè Penates.
Nunquam aliud natura, aliud ſapientia dicit.
Acribus exemplis videor te claudere ; miſce
Ergo aliquid noſtris de moribus ; effice ſummam,
Bis ſeptem ordinibus quam lex dignatur Othonis.
Hæc quoque ſi rugam trahit extenditque labellum,
Sume duos equites, fac tertia quadringenta :
Si nondum implevi gremium, ſi panditur ultrà :
Nec Crœſi fortuna unquam, nec Perſica regna
Sufficient animo, nec divitiæ Narciſſi,
Indulſit Cæſar cui Claudius omna, cujus
Paruit imperiis uxorem occidere juſſus.

" What made great Socrates rich, gay, and free:
" Nature and wiſdom never diſagree."
Theſe may be thought examples too ſevere,
Of our own mode let ſomething then appear:
Take what the Roſcian laws preſcribe for thoſe,
For whom are ſet apart the cuſhion'd rows;
But if your wiſhes have not reach'd their height,
Take twice the value of a knight's eſtate;
If yet you hang your lip, and knit your brow,
Thrice that equeſtrian fortune I'll allow;
If ſtill you ſpread your lap, and gape for more,
Not all the ſhining heaps of Creſus' ſtore,
Not the vaſt Perſian empire, would you find
Enough to ſatisfy your boundleſs mind:
Endleſs 'twould be to grant the ſums you crave;
Too ſmall the wealth of that enfranchiſh'd ſlave,
The proud Narciſſus, who his prince reprov'd,
And made fond Claudius ſlay the wife he lov'd.

ODE

ODE

Addreſſée à l'Aſſembléé Nationale de France.

I.

AU dedans des murs de cette cité la gloire de la France, où la Seine roule ſes flots argentés, les amis de l'homme s'inveſtiſſent de leur dignité, tandiſque les tyrans *ſe diſperſent* fuyant un ſort ignominieux. Ces ſages que la vénération entoure s'aſſeyent, ſemblables aux demi-dieux de l'antiquité. Mais ces demi-dieux furent des Guerriers illuſtres par leur taille & leur audace. Ceux ci ſont des heros pacifiques, leurs ames ſont d'une trempe plus qu' humaine. l'Eſclave du pouvoir ſans bornes voit *deja* s'avancer l'heure heureuſe où des millions d'etres vont jouir d'un meilleur deſtin ; les nations de l'univers attendent cette heure avec une ardeur tremblante.

Ce n'eſt pas dans une plaine immenſe, parmi des cadavres déchirés, au milieu d'un fracas effroyable, c'eſt dans Paris devenu les délices du monde, c'eſt dans cette Athénes de la France polie, que la vraie gloire établit ſon ſejour, déja elle a lancé la verge de fer loin des bornes Francaiſes, pour orner d'un ſceptre d'or la main monarque.

L'hypocriſie

ODE

Addreſſed to the National Aſſembly of France.

I.

WITHIN that city's walls, of Gaul the pride,
Where Sequana devolves her ſilver tide,
The friends of man their ſtate aſſume,
While tyrants fly a ſhameful doom.
Aweful the ſages ſit, like demi-gods of old;
But demi-gods were warriors big and bold;
Pacific heroes theſe, with minds of giant mould.
The ſlave of law-leſs pow'r
Foretells that happy hour,
When millions ſhall enjoy a better fate:
The nations of the world with trembling ardour wait.
It is not in a ſpacious plain,
Horrific with the mangled ſlain,
But in Lutetia, fought by all,
That Athens of the poliſh'd Gaul,
That honeſt Glory takes her ſtand,
The rod of iron hurls from Gallic land.
And with a golden ſceptre decks the monarch's hand.

II.

L'hypocriſie aux yeux louches qui ſe dérobe ſous le déguiſement du ſage, maintenant épouvantée s'énfuit loin de ſa cellule en vomiſſant des imprécations. Les tréſors qu'elle entaſſa vont réjouïr le pauvre, et ſoulager une détreſſe non méritée. Loin d'ici loin d'ici Frelons qui ne naiſſez que pour les titres. Qui oſez inſolemment mépriſer ceux qui valent mieux que vous, Race Gothique, qui ne connoiſſez d'autre bonheur que celui de jouer, de vous parer, de danſer, de folâtrer. Qui ne redoutez que le travail utile, et qui affamés chez vous, éxcitez des guerres pour gagner votre pain. Ho ! la nobleſſe Britannique eſt riche et peu nombreuſe ; elle n'a pas beſoin de s'abreuver de ſang. Opulente et généreuſe, ſes tréſors aident l'etat, et ſoulagent la vieilleſſe et l'infortune.

III.

Sages pourſuivez vos deſſeins et reformez le monde. Puiſſe le ciel écartant tout orage confondre l'orgueil des prêtres des nobles et des rois et les écraſer eux-mêmes contre la terre. Mon imagination enflammée sémble encore s'embraſer davantage. Emporté loin de moi au grand jour de la Confédération je vis le champ de Mars, et tout le ſpectacle divin. Je vis l'ombre d'Alfred portée ſur le ſein de l'air orageux, monté ſur un char aërien il voloit. Son char

etoit

II.

Hypocriſy, with leering eyes,
That lurks beneath the ſaint's diſguiſe,
Scar'd from her cell, with curſes flies:
Her hidden ſtores the poor ſhall bleſs,
And eaſe unmerited diſtreſs.
Down, down, ye drones, to titles born,
Who proudly dare your betters ſcorn;
Ye Gothic tribe, whoſe greateſt joy
Is but to game, to dreſs, to dance, to toy;
Who nought but uſeful labour dread,
And, ſtarving when at home, raiſe wars to gain your bread.
Lo! Britain's nobles, rich and few,
Need not in blood their hands imbrue:
Largely they give, as largely they receive;
Their treaſures aid the ſtate, and age and want relieve.

III.

Proceed ye ſages, and the world reform.
May heav'n avert the threaten'd ſtorm;
The pride of monarchs, nobles, prieſts, confound,
And daſh them to the ground.
Still my tranſported fancy ſeems to glow;
For, on the great confederation-day,
In trance ecſtatic as I lay,
I ſaw the field of Mars, and all the god-like ſhew:
I ſaw the ſhade of Alfred there,
Borne on the boſom of the ſtormy air;

etoit trainé par deux aigles blancs, il contemploit avec raviſſement l'Aſſembleé auguſte exaltée dans la plaine à jamais célébre. It voyoit mille Alfreds unis pour la même cauſe, pour briſer les chaines de l'eſprit humain, pour affranchir, inſtruire, et relever l'humanité avilie.

IV.

Que l'on décore d'une couronne civique le front de chacun de ces grands hommes. Jeune Amon où ſont maintenant tes lauriers? Qu'on oublie déformais tous tes exploits, ton paſſage du Granique, les campagnes de Syrie que tu abreuvas de ſang pour enſuite vivre en inſenſé et mourir en ivrogne. Loin d'ici Tyran trop ſéduiſant de la race Julienne, dont l'ame jalouſe ne put ſouffrir les regards Altiers d'un rival, et qui craignis par deſſus tout de voir briller la pourpre impériale ſur un citoyen dont les facultés étoient inférieures aux tiennes: Oh! les heros patriotes que Rome produiſit dans des tems reculés ne furent pas tels que toi. Ils ne connurent point la fatale ambition, on ne les vit point comme des bêtes féroces ſaiſir leur patrie gémiſſante et en déchirer le Sein. Mais malgré tout ton art ſéduiſant, le poignard atteignit le cœur du traitre, et le chauve après s'etre ennivré d'un orgueil inſenſé, finit par nager dans ſon ſang.

Achevez

Mounted on his aërial car he flew ;
His car two milk-white eagles drew ;
With rapture he ſurvey'd the venerable train,
Exalted in the ſplendid plain ;
A thouſand Alfreds in one cauſe combin'd,
To break the ſhackles of the human mind,
To ſuccour, bleſs, inform, and dignify mankind.

IV.

Grace with the civic crown each worthy's brow.
Young Ammon, where are all thy laurels now ?
Be thy glories hence forgot ;
The paſſage of the Granic flood,
The fields of Syria drench'd in blood,
To live a madman, and to die a ſot.
Hence, ſpecious tyrant of the Julian line,
Whoſe jealous ſpirit could not brook
A rival's lofty look ;
But fear'd to ſee imperial purple ſhine,
On one whoſe pow'rs were ſhort of thine ;
Not ſuch the patriot chiefs that Rome once bore :
To damn'd ambition ſtrangers they ;
They ſeized not, like fell beaſts of prey,
Their groaning country, nor her bowels tore :
But, ſpite of all thy pleaſing art,
The dagger reach'd the traitor's heart,
And the bald fool of pride lay welt'ring in his gore.

Ye

V.

Achevez votre ouvrage, immortels philantropes. Le foible ne commandra plus aux forts. Je vois revivre les tribunaux domeſtiques, des femmes artificieuſes n'aſpireront plus à l'empire, l'homme qui s'etoit oublié va rentrer dans ſes droits long-tems perdus, car la femme avoit uſurpé la domination ſur lui par la futilité de ſa parure, par un langage enchanteur que ſes yeux exprimérent, elle l'avoit plongé dans la folie, et enchaîné à ſon obeiſſance. Un amour déréglé avoit infeſté le pays. La politeſſe Françaiſe ne conſiſtoit plus qu'a flatter les femmes. Celles-ci ſacrifioient leur vertu à la paſſion de dominer. Cette mode *funeſte* s'etoit répandue par toute l'Europe, et la lubricité élevant ſa tête de hydre avoit ſoufflé ſon poiſon mortel ſur toutes les nations d'alentour.

VI.

Mais les jours de Saturne reviennent, les ſages amis de la patrie s'aſſemblent. Brulant de la ſainte flamme de la gloire pacifique ils preſſent tout ce qui eſt juſte tout ce qui eſt grand. Oui, la ſimplicité va renaître, la modeſte Vénus tiendra encore une fois ſa cour. On n'abuſera plus du mariage. l'homme devenu lui même dédaignera des ſpectacles dignes

tout

V.

Ye great philanthropiſts, go on,
Till all the work be done.
The weak ſhall rule the ſtrong no more;
I ſee domeſtic tribunals revive;
Induſtrious wives no more for empire ſtrive,
But to emaſculated man his long-loſt rights reſtore:
For woman bad uſurp'd his ſway,
And by the mummery of dreſs,
And language which bright eyes expreſs,
Could facinate the fool and bring him to obey:
Promiſcuous love infected all the land;
To flatter females was politneſs deem'd,
Adult'rous commerce gallantry eſteem'd,
And woman gave up virtue to obtain command:
The Gallic mode thro' Europe ſpread,
Lewdneſs rear'd its hydra head,
And on the nations round its deadly poiſon ſhed.

VI.

But now Saturnian days return;
The patriotic ſages meet:
They urge whate'er is good, whate'er is great,
And with the gentle flame of peaceful glory burn.
Again ſimplicity ſhall riſe, again
The modeſt Venus hold her reign.

No

V.

Achevez votre ouvrage, immortels philantropes. Le foible ne commandra plus aux forts. Je vois revivre les tribunaux domeſtiques, des femmes artificieuſes n'aſpireront plus à l'empire, l'homme qui s'etoit oublié va rentrer dans ſes droits long-tems perdus, car la femme avoit uſurpé la domination ſur lui par la futilité de ſa parure, par un langage enchanteur que ſes yeux exprimérent, elle l'avoit plongé dans la folie, et enchaîné à ſon obeiſſance. Un amour déréglé avoit infeſté le pays. La politeſſe Françaiſe ne conſiſtoit plus qu'a flatter les femmes. Celles-ci ſacrifioient leur vertu à la paſſion de dominer. Cette mode *funeſte* s'etoit répandue par toute l'Europe, et la lubricité élevant ſa tête de hydre avoit ſoufflé ſon poiſon mortel ſur toutes les nations d'alentour.

VI.

Mais les jours de Saturne reviennent, les ſages amis de la patrie s'aſſemblent. Brulant de la ſainte flamme de la gloire pacifique ils preſſent tout ce qui eſt juſte tout ce qui eſt grand. Oui, la ſimplicité va renaître, la modeſte Vénus tiendra encore une fois ſa cour. On n'abuſera plus du mariage. l'homme devenu lui même dédaignera des ſpectacles dignes

tout

V.

Ye great philanthropiſts, go on,
Till all the work be done.
The weak ſhall rule the ſtrong no more;
I ſee domeſtic tribunals revive;
Induſtrious wives no more for empire ſtrive,
But to emaſculated man his long-loſt rights reſtore:
For woman bad uſurp'd his ſway,
And by the mummery of dreſs,
And language which bright eyes expreſs,
Could facinate the fool and bring him to obey:
Promiſcuous love infected all the land;
To flatter females was politneſs deem'd,
Adult'rous commerce gallantry eſteem'd,
And woman gave up virtue to obtain command:
The Gallic mode thro' Europe ſpread,
Lewdneſs rear'd its hydra head,
And on the nations round its deadly poiſon ſhed.

VI.

But now Saturnian days return;
The patriotic ſages meet:
They urge whate'er is good, whate'er is great,
And with the gentle flame of peaceful glory burn.
Again ſimplicity ſhall riſe, again
The modeſt Venus hold her reign.

No

ODE

Adreſſée à l'auteur inconnu des Leçons à un Jeune Prince.

I.

TOI, que l'on diſtingue parmi les chefs de cette armée intrépide qui commença la guerre de la raiſon, je te ſalue, puiſſant Hercule de la philoſophie, le ciel te fit naitre pour dompter *a leur tour* les tyrans foulant aux pieds les droits de l'homme; et ton ame revoltée des maux de l'epèce humaine doit avoir reçu une empreinte divine. Sans doute il étoit glorieux de voir jadis des princes pompeuſement décorés fuyant à travers la pouſſiere Olympique. Mais le regard du ſage dédaignant la magnificence des Rois, ſe détourne pour ſe repoſer ſur Ariſtide noblement juſte. Oui tu es auſſi juſte auſſi grand qu' Ariſtide. Et l'humanité couronne ta vertu.

II.

Mais n'as tu pas craint de ſouiller ta plume, en traçant les foibleſſes des hommes du pouvoir ? Ton génie n'a fait

que

ODE

Addreſſed to the unknown Author of Leſſons to a Young Prince.

I.

HAIL, mighty leader of the van
Of that brave hoſt, who reaſon's war began ;
Herculean ſage, whom Providence decreed
To quell the tyrant breed,
That trample on the rights of man :
To feel for all thy race is godlike worth indeed.
Glorious was the fight of old,
Splendid princes to behold,
Flying through Olympic duſt ;
But the philoſophic eye
Splendid princes paſſes by,
To gaze on Ariſtides nobly juſt;
Yet thou art nobly juſt as he,
And crown'ſt thy juſtice with humanity.

II.

But why did'ſt thou defile thy pen,
To trace the weakneſſes of pow'rful men ?

que les éffaroucher ; peut-être en épargnant les grands on eut pu les changer. Oh ! que tu as bien plus utilement employé tes heures, lorſque, évitant des diſcuſſions ennuyeuſes, tu deploïes à nos yeux ſous des emblémes intéreſſans la route facile qui méne à l'art de gouverner les hommes ! C'en eſt fait. Les reſſorts frauduleux de la politique ſont dévoilés, et nous ne voyons plus qu' avec mepris ces hommes qui voudroient encore intimider et aſſervir les ames foibles. Monarques, que des courtiſans impies adorent plus que Dieu même, et vous puiſſans de l'état à qui les rois prodiguent les titres de très-honorables rougiſſez enfin. Rougiſſez auſſi vous prêtres qui vous êtes chargés d'interpréter les volontés céléſtes ; l'éclat de la gloire d'Alfred vous anéantit tous.

III.

A ce nom d'Alfred mon ame me ſemble tout en feu, l'œil de mon imagination voit ſa figure auguſte, ſon ſcéptre, ſa couronne, ſa robe Bretonne de couleur d'azur, tandiſque tout ſon peuple ſe range au tour de lui, comme des enfans au tour de leur père. Quoique régnant dans un ſiécle barbare, il ſut faire ſa cour aux doctes ſœurs. It devint un légiſlateur divin, et par lui la férocité Gothique fut changée en douceur Athénienne. Monarques, d'où vient votre démence ? Quel vice a pu corrompre vos ames ? Ah n'emportez plus au tombeau l'éxécration des humains. Honorez l'homme juſte, récompenſez le brave, et concevez qu'un homme vertueux ne peut jamais devenir éſclave.

Bretons,

Thy wit ſerves only to offend;
Better to ſpare the great, and hope the great will mend:
More profitably far thy hours are ſpent,
When thou, without a tedious clew,
By diagrams lay'ſt open to our view,
An eaſy way, that leads to government:
Each fraudful art is now explain'd;
With ſcorn we ſee weak minds to fear and ſlavery train'd.
Bluſh kings, whom courtiers more than God adore,
Bluſh lords, whom kings right honourable call,
Bluſh prieſts, impow'r'd heav'n's myſt'ries to explore,
The blaze of Alfred's fame annihilates you all.

III.

At Alfred's name my ſpirits ſeem on fire,
With fancy's eye his princely form I view,
The ſceptre, crown, and Britiſh robe of blue,
While all his people hang, like children, round their ſire:
Though reigning in a barb'rous age,
He woo'd the tuneful nine;
And, grown a law-giver divine,
Turn'd to Athenian mildneſs Gothic rage.
Ye monarchs, whence the ſtupor in your ſouls?
What vice your intellect controls?
Sink not with curſes to the grave;
Eſteem the good, reward the brave,
And learn, a virtuous man can never make a ſlave.

Glow

IV.

Bretons, vos cœurs ne s'embrafent-ils pas quand vous lifez le livre de ce grand homme ? Contemplez le plan admirable d'Alfred, et fachez que le pouvoir des Rois vient des hommes, et non de Dieu. Les Bretons divifés par dizaines nommoient leur chefs. Ceux-ci en nommoient d'autres pour gouverner les centaines ; ces derniers créoient des *cherifs* pour gouverner les comtés. *Le Michle-Ghemot dominoit fur tout. Ce Michle-Ghemot couronnoit le plan d'Alfred, et le yeoman quoique fans armoirie n'oublioit pas qu'il étoit homme. Si le Payfan fut compté pour rien, il n'en put accufer que la tyrannie de fon Baron. Les prêtres il eft vrai furent indépendans du trône. Mais quel mortel eût ofé entreprendre d'abaiffer le Sacerdoce dont la coupe empoifonnoit les Rois, et dont les anathémes damnoient le vulgaire.

V.

Brave mortel, tu ne peux voir fans raviffement une nation rivale s'agitant pour devenir libre. Que les tyrans et leurs éfclaves employent toute leur puiffance pour écrafer les bourgeons naiffans de la liberté et du bonheur public, de véritables philofophes rougiroient d'attaquer même un ennemi s'il eft opprimé ; ils font ardens, ils font humains, au delà

* Terme Saxon qui fignifie Grande Aſſemblée, ou fi l'on veut Aſſemblée Nationale.

même

IV.

Glow not your hearts, ye Britons, when you look
In this great ſage's book?
Contemplate Alfred's admirable plan,
And know, the pow'r of kings is not from God, but man:
The tythings yearly rulers choſe,
From many tythings hundreds roſe,
Rieves were elected counties to control,
The mickle-ghemot tow'r'd above the whole;
The mickle-ghemot crown'd great Alfred's plan,
And ev'ry creſtleſs yeoman felt himſelf a man:
If the poor peaſant paſs'd for nought,
'Twas the tyrannic baron's fault;
If prieſts claim'd independence on the crown,
Who could attempt to pull the prieſthood down,
Whoſe cup could kill the king, whoſe ſentence damn the clown?

V.

Brave man, thou can'ſt with rapture ſee
A rival nation ſtruggling to be free:
Let tyrants and their ſlaves their pow'rs employ,
To kill the buds of liberty and joy;
To wound a foe oppreſs'd, the truly great diſdain,
Beyond the patriot fervent and humane;

He

même du patriote. Celui-ci borne tous ſes vœux à voir ſa patrie heureuſe. Mais ton ame magnanime ne peut être satisfaite d'aucun ſentiment s'il n'a pour objet le bonheur du genre humain entier. Oh ! ſi ton corps ainſique ta penſeé pouvoit prendre un éffort, et aller chercher d'autres mondes, ſi porté ſur l'aile rapide des vens tu pouvois t'élancer au travers de l'ether, à la ſuite des comètes, parcourir le Zodiaque et la voie lacteé, ſi dans ta courſe tu voyois quelque trace de l'aſtuce et du deſpotiſme des rois, oui ton voeu ſeroit de précipiter les tyrans du haut de leurs trones étoilés et de laiſſer le bonheur dans tous les mondes habités.

VI.

Oh ! ſi mon cœur pouvoit ſentir comme le tien, ſi mon ame pouvoit s'embraſer des mêmes tranſports, ravi du vaſte deſſein de fixer ici-bas le bonheur et la liberté, de faire croître des baumes et des fleurs, dans des lieux où naiſſent les poiſons et les herbes malignes, combien je dédaignerois ces hommes lâches et bas, toujours factieux, jamais fidéles, ſoit qu'ils paroiſſent les partiſans des Rois, ſoit qu'ils ſe diſent les amis des peuples ! Ces hommes qui, ſemblables aux nimphes errantes pendant la nuit, s'en vont vendant leurs faveurs, et affectent le langage des anges pour mieux parvenir à leur but.

He to his country's int'reſt is confin'd;
But nought befits thy mighty mind,
That teems not with delight to all the human kind:
O! if thy body, like thy ſoul, could ſoar,
And other worlds explore;
Could'ſt thou beſtride the bluſt'ring gale,
Or ſhoot through either in the comet's tail,
And, in the zodiac, or the milky-way,
Find king-craft and deſpotic ſway,
Tyrants would from their ſtarry thrones be hurl'd,
And ev'ry race be bleſt, that dwell in ev'ry world.

V.

O! could my boſom feel like thine,
My ſoul with equal tranſport glow,
Enraptur'd with the vaſt deſign
Of fixing liberty and peace below;
Of planting balms and flow'rs, where weeds and poiſons grow;
How would I ſcorn the narrow-minded crew,
Ever factious, never true,
Whether the monarch's or the people's friends;
Who, like the nymphs that nightly rove,
Proſtitute for hire their love,
And ſpeak with angels' tongues, to ſerve their private ends.

but. Une liberté egoiſte eſt une illuſion. Non, jamais la liberté ne nous rendra heureux, ſi l'amour de l'humanité ne remplit nos ames. Ciel Propice, avec la liberté Angloiſe accorde moi le plus précieux de tes dons, donne-moi la plus aimable des vertus, la ſenſibilité. Oh! attendris, humaniſe mon cœur. Fais qu'il ſaigne à l'aſpect de l'infortune d'autrui, et qu'à la vue de la France devenue libre, il s'abime dans un torrent de Joie.

ODE

But ſelfiſh freedom is a jeſt;
Freedom cannot make us bleſt,
Unleſs the love of man poſſeſs the breaſt.
With Britiſh liberty, indulgent heav'n,
To me thy better grace be giv'n,
That lovelieſt virtue, Charity beſtow;
O! humanize my heart, to bleed at others' woe,
And for emancipated Gaul with floods of joy o'er-flow.

ODE

Adreſſée à Louis Seize Roi des Français.

I.

GRAND Louis, l'objeƈt particulier des ſoins céléſtes, toi qui réunis les plus douces vertus qui font le charme d'un ſiécle éclairé et poli, mortel le plus heureux de tous ceux qui portent le ſcéptre, la loyauté de ton cœur eſt pour toi une ſource intariſſable de gloire, et les peuples te procla-ment leur monarque et leur pere. Qu'a gagné la France, ou qu'ont gagné ſes Rois, en ſoutenant leur puiſſance par la force des armes ? La guerre et la famine déſolérent le peuple, et le prince régna au ſein de la triſteſſe et du deuil. Le monde eſt une vaſte republique, le zéle du patriote lui eſt ſouvent funeſte. Mais qu' entens-je ? La trompette d'airain retentit, quelle eſt cette foule d'hommes qui vont et viennent tout couverts d'un acier brillant ? Mars s'eſt re-véillé, les drapeaux ſont déployés—aux armes, aux armes—exterminons les nations—le patriole aſſaſſine pour faire le bien de ſa patrie. Viƈtoire, triomphe. Qu'on apporte la

rècompenſe

ODE

Addreſſed to Lewis the Sixteenth, King of the French.

I.

GREAT Lewis, heav'n's peculiar care,
Born with the mildeſt virtues, which engage
A poliſh'd and enlighten'd age,
Happieſt of all who ſceptres bear,
Thy meekneſs ſhall increaſe of honour bring,
And all thy people hail their father and their king.
What hath Gaul or Gaul's kings gain'd,
By pow'r with arms maintain'd?
The people ſtarv'd and bled, the monarch mourn'd and reign'd.
The world is one great commonweal,
And bainful of the patriot's zeal:
Hark! the brazen trumpets blow;
Glitt'ring in ſteel, what numbers come and go!
Mars is rous'd, Rome's eagles fly;
To arms, and let the nations die;

The

rècompenſe du vainqueur—des cadavres ennemis ſervent de pature aux vautours—et le marinier plonge ſes rames dans des flots de ſang humain.

II.

Mais à préſent tout eſt changé. L'airain martial ſera déſormais inutile ; Louis tu gouverneras en paix, Grand Prince puiſſe l'on régne être de longue durée, et puiſſe ta gloire aller toujours croiſſant. Le commerce et le crédit renaitront, les manufactures et les beaux arts proſpèreront. Que les tyrans s'exercent à exceller dans l'art de la guerre. Alfred penſa et gonverna bien ; étudie ſon ſyſtème que peu de mortels juſqu'ici ont compris, *ce ſyſtême qui réſpire* une ſageſſe vraiment royale. Un art divin qui dompte la volonté, et corrige le cœur—un art qui rend les peuples heureux parcequ'il les rend bons. Le patricien régénéré, et qui n'êtoit plus que l'éſclave fier et ſuperbe des rois et de la beauté, quittera le barbare métier du ſoldat, et transformera ſon fer aſſaſſin en ſoc de charue. Alors tandiſque le vigneron taillera la vigne, aſſis ſous des pampres entrelaſsés il careſſera ſur ſes genoux ſon fils encore enfant, il lui racontera les victoires ſanglantes que gagnerent les Bretons ; il lui dira comment

The patriot murders for his country's good:
Io triumphe! bring the victor's meed;
Barbarian carcaſſes the vultures feed,
And ſeamen dip their oars in tides of human blood.

II.

But now the martial braſs ſhall ceaſe,
Lewis, thou ſhalt rule in peace;
Long be thy reign, great prince, and ſtill thy fame
encreaſe:
Commerce and credit ſhall revive,
The finer arts improve, and manufactures thrive.
The tyrant may in war excel;
But Alfred thought, and govern'd well:
His ſyſtem learn, which few have underſtood:
A princely ſkill, a godlike art,
Which tames the will, and mends the heart;
An art, which makes us bleſt, becauſe it makes us good.
The fall'n patrician, proud and brave,
Royalty's and beauty's ſlave,
Shall quit the ſoldier's barb'rous trade,
And to a plough-ſhare turn the murd'ring blade;
Then, while the dreſſer prunes the vine,
Careſſing on his knee his little ſon,
There the wide-ſpreading branches twine,

Shall

comment les Rois ambitieux de la France furent humiliés, et comment la France elle même vit le moment de ſa ruine.

III.

Les femmes dont la franchiſe et la réſerve étoient des vertus factices, qui employoient mille artifices perfides pour captiver les cœurs inconſtens les femmes, qui, toujours ennivrées d'amour et de volupté, uniquement occupées de étude des modes et des graces—ne charmoient que par les couleurs empruntées de leur viſage, et par l'affectation d'une démarche ſemillante délicate et légére, les femmes méneront déſormais une vie domeſtique. Meres tendres, épouſes attentives elles ne verront plus aſſis à leur coté, un noble tout parfumé, applaudiſſant aux fauſſes faillies de la beauté.—Le cénobite hideuſement coſtumé ne contera plus ſes menſonges ſacrés à la jeune fille ou ne lui adreſſera plus ſa priere amoureuſe comme Gerard à ſon amante la Cadiere. On n'entendra plus les courtiſanes ſe plaindre que d'autres femmes ſous le maſque de l'hipocriſie empiétent ſur leurs droits, et entretienent un commerce ſourd et illicite.

IV.

Aſpire, O Louis, à des choſes ſublimes, dedaigne ces Rois ſans vertu qui par force ou par un lâche artifice ont

réduit

Shall tell what bloody battles Britons won,
How Gaul's ambitious kings were cruſh'd, and Gaul herſelf undone.

III.

The beauteous ſex, by maxim free or coy,
Who, by a thouſand meretricious arts,
Captivate inconſtant hearts,
A ſex, ſtill full of love and joy,
Studying faſhions, ſtudying grace,
Dazzling with a painted face,
And tripping on the toe with minc'd affected pace,
Hence ſhall lead domeſtic lives,
Tender mothers, careful wives;
No noble now ſhall eſſenc'd ſit,
Liſt'ning to modiſh beauty's wit;
No more the ſaint without a ſhirt
With holy tales griſettes divert,
Or offer up a tender pray'r,
Like Gerard to his dear Cadière:
No more complaints by harlots ſhall be made,
That hypocrites their rights invade,
And matrons carry on a dark, illicit trade.

IV.

Lewis, aim at mighty things;
Scorn, royal Gaul, ungen'rous kings,

réduit au rang des éſclaves les hommes à qui ils durent toute leur grandeur. Oui voila ce qu'ont fait des monarques, voila même ce qu'ils ont vanté comme des éxploits glorieux. Louis onze apprit aux Rois à étendre leur puiſſance aux dépens de leur gloire ; il leur apprit à armer le lâche pour aſſervir le brave déſarmé. Qu'eſt-ce donc que la race entiere des déſpotes ? qu'eſt-ce ? Si non des brigands dans un rang élevé. Des hommes moins coupables gémiſſent dans les fers, tandiſque le ſcélerat couronné, après avoir démoli l'autel de la liberté, pillé juſqu' à ſes éſclaves, et tout égorgé au tour de lui, Régne avec magnificence.

V.

Ce fut toi Norman déſpote qui portas le coup fatal qui terraſſa le *Micle-Ghemot : et qui ſoumis la Bretagne à ton rude joug. Uſurpateur audacieux, tu fondis ſar ſa côte, comme un tonnerre, à la tête d'une armée puiſſante. Les Généraux paroiſſoient auſſi brillans que le ſoleil, les chefs du ſecond rang etoient couverts de panaches, et tous ces éſclaves ſous leurs coſtumes fantaſques reſſembloient à au-

* Aſſemblée de la nation.

tant

Who, by force or low deceit,
Make thoſe ſlaves, who made them great;
For this have monarchs done, and thought a glorious feat:
Lewis, eleventh of the name,
Shew'd kings to raiſe their pow'r, and ſink their fame,
To keep the baſe in arms, the brave unarm'd to tame.
What are the whole deſpotic race?
What but robbers high in place:
But meaner villains toil in chains,
While the knave, who wears a crown,
Pulls the ſhrine of freedom down,
Plunders his ſlaves, ambitious wars maintains,
And, murd'ring all around, magnificently reigns.

V.

'Twas thou, tyrannic Norman, thou
Who gav'ſt the fatal blow,
That laid the Mickle-Ghemot low,
And to thy galling yoke mad'ſt Britain bow:
Thou, bold uſurper, to her coaſt
Cam'ſt thund'ring with thy mighty hoſt;
Leaders refulgent as the ſunny day,
Inferior chiefs, with plumage gay,
And ſlaves, like errant knights, in fanciful array:

tant de chevaliers érrans. Tout brulans de la ſoif des conquêtes les Barons etoient à la tête de leurs mirmidons afcamés et couverts de elinquant. La déſolation marquoit leur route, tandiſque les citoyens dépouillés s'enfuyoient. Ainſi lorſque de riches moiſſons ornent les champs d'Egypte, une armée de ſauterelles s'empare des depouilles dorées les noirs éſcadrons couvrent au loin la campage, juſqu'à ce que le dieu du Nil ſe levant tout à coup ſur ſon lit de roſeaux agite les ornemens Auguſtes de ſa tête humide. Réjouis-toi digne Monarque des Français devenus libres, tu n'auras pas beſoin de violence ni d'artifice. Régne, Louis, dans les cœurs de tes peuples et ſois véritablement Roi.

VI.

Pour vous ames Britanniques d'une trempe ſublime, vous qui déplorez non ſeulement les maux de votre patrie mais encore ceux du genre humain, vous dont la probité ne fut jamais vendue. Si par votre zéle bienfaiſant et divin vous pouviez purger notre république corrompue. Et chaſſer de leurs places ces hommes inutiles dont l'oiſiveté ſe paye du ſalaire de l'ouvrier mourant de faim, ſi l'édifice ſuperbe élevé par Alfred pouvoit être débarraſſé des horreurs et des décombres dont le Norman le remplit; alors la France et la Bretagne puiſſances toujours rivales, mais pleines d'éſtime l'une pour l'autre, déſormais rigides dans la vertu, rafinées dans les arts, s'uniſſant comme deux ſœurs accomplies,

pourroient

Fir'd with the luſt of pow'r, thy barons led
Their tinſel'd myrmidons to hunt for bread;
Deſtruction mark'd their way, and all the ruin'd natives fled.
So, when rich harveſts wave o'er Egypt's ſoil,
Locuſts ſeize the golden ſpoil;
O'er all the land the ſable ſquadrons ſpread,
And Nilus, ſtarting from his oozy bed,
Shakes the terrific honours of his dripping head.
Hail, monarch of the French from ſlav'ry freed;
No violence or falſehood thou ſhalt need;
Reign, Lewis, in thy people's hearts, and be a king indeed.

IV.

Ye Britiſh ſouls of fineſt mould,
Who, not your country's woes alone,
But all mankind's afflictions moan,
Whoſe probity was never ſold,
Could your benevolent and godlike zeal
Purge our corrupted commonweal?
All uſeleſs placemen drive away,
For whoſe repoſe ſtarv'd lab'rers pay;
If the fair fabric Alfred rear'd
From Norman filth and rubbiſh could be clear'd;
Then Gaul and Britain, rival pow'rs, but kind,
In virtue rigid, and in arts refin'd,
Like two accompliſh'd ſiſters, might delight mankind:

Then

pourroient charmer le monde. Alors auſſi l'on verroit dans George et dans Louis la Royauté d'accord avec la philoſophie, on verroit dans eux le Roi, le philoſophe, et le citoyen reunis. Louis et George ſurpaſſeroient de beaucoup leurs ancêtres. Et la ſageſſe d'Alfred ajouteroit un nouveau luſtre à la race des Brunſwicks et des Bourbons.

ODE

Then too, in George and Lewis might we ſee
Philoſophy and royalty agree ;
See the king, citizen, and ſage combine,
Lewis and George their anceſtors outſhine,
And Alfred's wiſdom grace the Brunſwick and the Bourbon line!

ODE

Adreſſée à l'armée Francaiſe.

I.

CIEL ! J'entens des cris effroyables ; des canons ! des conous fendent les nues ; et maintenant des acclamations de victoire et de joïe s'élévent de tout coté. Je ſens, je ſens que mon ame s'embraſe, avec tranſport je faiſis et je frappe la lyre : que les nations les plus éloignées entendent mes accens——la liberté, ce don divin, la liberté, O France, eſt ta conquête, et l'horrible tour de la tyrannie eſt de niveau avec le ſol. Où eſt maintenant la ſuperbe Baſtille, où ſont ſes portes de fer, ſes verroux d'acier, qu'eſt devenu ce ſombre, cet humide ce lugubre séjour que l'horreur même frémiſſoit d'habiter ? Où ſont ces cris affreux, ces gémiſſemens, et toutes ces images du tartare ? Quels ſpectres conſumés de douleur je vois arrachés des cachots du déſeſpoir ? Ils tombent en défaillance en reſpirant un air pur ; ils marchent à tâtons, confondus de l'éclat du jour, comme les matelots

ODE

Addreſſed to the French Army.

I.

HARK! I hear tumultuous cries;
Cannons, cannons rend the ſkies;
And now the ſhouts of joy, of victory ariſe.
With ecſtacy I ſtrike the lyre,
I feel, I feel myſelf my ſoul on fire;
Let diſtant nations catch the ſound:
Liberty, the gift divine,
Liberty, O Gaul! is thine,
And tyranny's dread tow'r lies level with the ground.
Where is now the proud Baſtille,
Her iron doors, and bolts of ſteel;
The dark, the damp, the doleful cell,
Where even horror fear'd to dwell?
O! where he groans, her ſhrieks, and all her images of hell?

matelots dans la tempête, quand les éclairs ſe jouent et ſerpentent au tour d'eux.

II.

C'eſt à vous braves, ſoldats, que la gloire en eſt due, c'eſt à vous que la France doit ſa liberté. Je vois un ſuperbe et glorieux changement; les guerriers ſavent et ſervir et vivre libres: les rudes enfans de Mars ont connu la philanthropie: en vain la fauſſe gloire a fait entendre ſa voix, vos cœurs généreux ont frémi à la ſeule penſée de verſer le ſang de vos freres. Soldat, dans quelque pays que tu ſoit né, abhore de forger des fers à ta patrie; ſois l'ami de la paix et de la liberté; mais quand une fois la trompette martiale aura retenti, vole et deféns avec zéle la cauſe patriotique; à des actions héroïques oppoſe des actions plus héroïques encore, ſurpaſſe toi toi même, diſperſe tes ennemis, alors maître de la victoire, que ton chant de triomphe ſoit celui-ci. J'ai vaincu; j'ai obéi à la nation, à la loi, et au roi.

Le

What woe-worn ſpectres I ſurvey!
Rais'd from the dungeons of deſpair,
They faint, on breathing purer air,
And grope, confounded at the flaſh of day,
Like ſailors in a ſtorm, when forked light'nings play.

II.

To you, brave men, the praiſe is due;
Gaul her freedom owes to you:
A great, a glorious change I ſee;
Warriors can ſerve, and yet be free;
The rugged ſons of Mars have learnt philanthrophy:
Falſe honour's call your noble hearts withſtood,
And ſhudder'd at the thought of ſhedding kindred blood.
Thou, man of war, wherever born,
To forge thy country's fetters ſcorn;
Of peace and freedom be the friend;
But when the martial trumpet blows,
With zeal the patriot cauſe defend;
Bold deeds with bolder deeds oppoſe;
Then, then be more than man, and terrify thy foes:
The battle won, this ſong of triumph ſing;
" *I conquer'd; I obey'd the nation, law, and king!*"

III.

Le mortel qui combat pour un tyran eſt à la fois un inſenſé et un ſcélérat ; quand ſes compatriotes auront perdu tous leurs droits, quel bras pourra le défendre lui même de l'ignominie ; le malheureux, il deviendra bientôt à ſon tour la victime de ce même tyran. En vain il s'affligera, il ira ſe perdre dans la tombe ſans emporter les regrets de perſonne. Les tigres ne font point la guerre aux tigres, les ours vivent en paix avec les ours. Mais les rois ſuperbes déſhonorent leur naiſſance, ils voudroient baſſement retrécir juſqu'à la penſée de l'homme, et deviennent furieux ſi leurs ſemblables ſont libres. Le bon roi des Français eſt digne de régner ; humain, loyal, et généreux il chérira ſon peuple, et ſoutiendra la cauſe de ſon pays. Oh ! ſi les dieux cédant aux vœux audacieux d'un mortel tel que moi, m'accordoient un empire à mon choix, la couronne Françaiſe pourroit ſeule flatter mon ambition, elle ſeule vaudroit à mes yeux la couronne du monde.

IV.

Vertueuſe France, dont le ſoldat même eſt philoſophe, aujourd'hui échappée à tous les dangers, quel exemple ſublime

III.

He, who for a tyrant fights,
Acts the fool as well as knave:
When his com-patriots loſe their rights,
What arm from ſhame himſelf can ſave?
His delegated pow'r
Is loſt in one unlucky hour;
Unpitied he repines, and ſinks into the grave.
Tigers war not with their race;
Bears with brother bears agree:
But haughty kings their birth diſgrace,
Meanly human minds debaſe
And rage to find their fellow-men are free:
Gaul's good king is fit to reign,
Eaſy, gentle, and humane:
He ſhall his people love, his country's laws maintain.
O! ſhould the Gods a realm decree,
To one of daring hopes like me,
And bid me on my choice decide;
The Gallic crown alone could ſooth my pride;
The Gallic crown would balance thoſe of all the world beſide.

IV.

Wiſe Gaul, eſcap'd from miſ'ry's brink,
Whoſe very ſoldiers think,

A great

blime tu donnes à quelques fières nations d'anlentour, dont les armées féroces, plongées dans la plus profonde ignorance, indignes même de la paye qu'elles reçoivent, ne connoiſſent que des plaiſirs dignes des barbares ? Qu'on leur ordonne d'aller écraſer leur patrie déja opprimée, on les verra courir tête baiſſée ſans raiſonner : et ſi le prêtre ſe joint au monarque, il n'y aura pas de forfait que ces barbares aïent horreur de commettre. Qu'on leur commande d'aſſaſſiner leur femmes, d'arracher la vie aux auteurs de leurs jours, animés d'une entrépidité inſenſée, égarés par une phrénéſie religieuſe ils croiront que le chemin des enfers eſt la route la plus ſure qui mène au ciel.

V.

Oh, ſi de tels ſoldats, indignes de marcher ſur le ſol Français, oſoient jamais en franchir les bornes, puiſſent-ils à travers les lueurs des braſiers éternels voir ſoudain les ombres de leurs pères; ou plutôt, O France, enſeigne leur comment des eſclaves peuvent devenir libres; et ſi les malheureux refuſent de voir la lumiere, O France, ne crains pas de les écraſer, car les laches tenteroient de t'aſſaſſiner toi même. Nations infortunées qui vous laiſſez conduire comme de vils troupeaux par des rois orgueilleux, ou par des prêtres plus orgueilleux encore. Vous ne connoiſſez plus d'autre maxime que l'obéiſſance paſſive ; pour eux vous endurez

A great example thou haſt ſet,
To ſome proud nations round;
Whoſe armies waſte the mite they get,
In brutal pleaſures drown'd;
Unhumaniz'd, and ſunk in ignorance profound:
Bid them their injur'd country cruſh,
They reaſon not, but on they ruſh:
And if the prieſt the monarch aid,
At horrors they are undiſmay'd;
Bid them aſſaſſinate their wives,
Or rob their parents of their lives,
The dauntleſs fools, by holy frenzy driv'n,
Would think the road to hell the ſureſt way to heav'n.

V.

If ſuch an army Gaul invades,
Too vile to tread on Gallic ground,
Soon may they ſee their fathers' ſhades,
In the dim glare of light profound:
Shew them how ſlaves may ſoon be free;
But if the blockheads will not ſee,
Cruſh them, intrepid Gaul, or they will murder thee.
O, wretched nations! led, like beaſts,
By haughty kings, or haughtier prieſts,
Paſſive obedience is your creed;
For them you ſtarve, for them you bleed;

And,

durez la famine, vous verſez votre ſang pour eux, ainſi, malgré la raiſon divine qui vous inſpiroit, étouffant dans leur naiſſance les ſentimens les plus généreux, vous vous êtes à la fin étourdies vous mêmes, juſqu'au point de ne plus ſentir qu'on vous opprime.

VI.

Floriſſante Bretagne, rivages heureux, où les rois et les prêtres ne peuvent plus tromper, où les eſprits éclairés ne prenent plus le menſonge pour la vérité, ne reſpecteront plus que ce qui eſt digne d'être reſpecté, et n'honoreront les rois et les prêtres, qu'autant que ceux-ci ne s'écarteront pas du ſentier de la vertu, O Bretagne, dans tes plaines, dans tes campagnes fertiles, ſouverain maître de lui même le laboureur eſt roi; tandis-qu'ailleurs il gémit vaſſal aſſugetti ſous un deſpote avide qui lui accorde à peine les premiers moyens de l'exiſtence, et l'enchaîne à la terre, comme il renferme dans un parc le troupeau que l'on tond pour enrichir ce tyran qui calcule ainſi ſon opulence ſur la multitude des bêtes qu'il engraiſſe, et ſur le nombre des hommes qu'il affame. O France! trois fois heureuſe, fais revivre non ce ſiecle fabuleux des poetes, mais le vrai ſiecle d'or. C'eſt de la célébre Albion que tu reçus le plan divin que tu pourſuis : avant que le vice fût venu ternir l'éclat de ſa conſtitution, elle étoit floriſſante ſous le regne d'Alfred et de la vertu. Et ſa grandeur eut à jamais effacé la gloire

et

And, tho' with godlike reaſon bleſt,
Each gen'rous thought is ſtifled in the breaſt,
Till brutaliz'd you ſink, nor know you are oppreſt.

VI.

Diſtinguiſh'd Britain! happy ſhore!
Where kings and prieſts can cheat no more;
Where open'd minds miſtake not falſe for true;
But ſhew reſpect where moſt reſpect is due;
And honour kings and prieſts alone who virtue's paths purſue:
In thy rich fields and flow'ry plains,
Lord of himſelf the peaſant reigns;
While ſome the vaſſals of proud maſters live,
Whoſe av'rice ſcarce the means of life will give;
Nay ſome, like ſheep within their pen,
To lands are fix'd, for lords to fleece;
Who proſper by the vaſt increaſe
Of pamper'd hogs, and famiſh'd men.
Thrice happy Gaul! the golden age renew;
Not the poëtic, but the true;
From Albion's honour'd iſle the heav'nly plan you drew;
Ere yet her ſtate corruption ſtain'd,
When virtue bloom'd, and Alfred reign'd:

et de Rome et d'Athênes, ſi l'enfant *bâtard d'Arlette eut été ſuffoqué dans le Sein de ſa mere.

VII.

Magnanimes ſoldats, ſages et vertueux Français, qui chériſſez le roi, mais qui deteſtez le tyran, qui avez ſu préférer la félicité des peuples, à la pompe du monarque, oh ne mettez pas toutes les viſions au rang des choſes vaines,—écoutez le ſonge de votre poete ; j'ai vu les portes de l'enfer s'ouvrir, j'ai vu une foule de furies s'élancer de ſon ſein, les chefs portoient les ſymboles de la ſplendeur royale, tandiſque des ſimulacres de nobles ſe diſperſoient au milieu d'elles ; mais rien n'égaloit la fureur d'une certaine cohorte que je crus être la cohorte dis prêtres, dans les tranſports de leur rage ils rouloient des yeux pleins de feu, couroient ça et là en ſecouant leurs torches ardentes, pouſſant des hurlemens, et faiſant des contorſions effroyables, ils annoncoint les incendies, la déſolation, la deſtruction, et la mort, aux mortels audacieux qui embraſſant la doctrine de la liberté, n'aſpirent à rien moins en reformant le monde, qu'a faire oublier qu'il y eut jamais eu un enfer. Tout ce-ci ne fut qu'un ſonge. Mais n'a-t'on pas vu des ſongs ſe verifier ? Les rois, les prêtres, et les nobles ſont vos ennemis naturels : mais la Brétagne jamais ne concourra à reforger vos chaînes,

* Guillaume le conquèrant.

la

Glorious ſtill had been her doom,
Beyond the fame of Greece or Rome,
Had Arlette's ſpurious child been ſtrangled in the womb.

VII.

Ye gallant ſoldiers, ſage, enlighten'd Gauls,
Who love the king, the tyrant hate;
Prompt to prefer, when pity calls,
The bliſs of millions to the monarch's ſtate;
Attend; nor viſions idle deem;
Hear, O hear! your poet's dream:
Methought the gates of hell were open'd wide,
And out a thouſand Furies flew;
Their leaders wore the marks of regal pride,
While ſome like nobles ſtruck my view;
But, fierce above the reſt, appear'd a prieſt-like crew.
With their rolling eye-balls glaring,
With their brandiſh'd torches flaring,
Prancing to their horrid yell,
Loud they menac'd conflagration,
Death, deſtruction, extripation,
To that execrable race,
Who, freedom's doctrines durſt embrace,
And by reforming man, aſpir'd to ruin hell.
This was a dream; but may not dreams prove true?
Kings, prieſts, and nobles muſt be foes to you:

la Brétagne abhore le deſpotiſme. George retrace à nos yeux le tableau des plus douces vertus, et la race généreuſe des Chatams doit chérir le genre humain : mais ſi jamais un miniſtre téméraire, quelle que ſoit ſa naiſſance, oſoit concevoir un ſi infame projet, il exciteroit contre lui la vengeance de la nation, et ſeroit plongé dans ſa diſgrace.

ODE

Yet Britain will not forge your chains;
Britain deſpotiſm diſdains;
In George we all the gentleſt virtues trace;
And Chatham's gen'rous blood muſt love the human race:
Should ſome raſh miniſter, whate'er his line,
Harbour ſuch a baſe deſign,
'Twould rouſe the nation's wrath, and plunge him in diſgrace.

ODE

ODE

POUR LE 14ME DE JUILLET, 1791.

Jour Anniverſaire de la Fédération Françaiſe en 1790, *et de la Priſe de la Baſtille en* 1789.

I.

LES dieux ſe livroient à un doux repos, ſur des lits ſuperbes plaçés autour du trone auguſte, ſur lequel Jupiter étoit aſſis. La divine misèricorde brilloit ſur ſon front radieux. Plein de cette bienveillance infinie, qui lui fit vouloir et décreter le bonheur de toutes ſes créatures, avant même qu'elles euſſent reçu l'exiſtence ; et de cette ſageſſe merveilleuſe, qui lui fournit les moyens de les conduire, par des routes myſtèrieuſes mais ſures, à la félicité parfaite et ineffable que ſa bonté leur a deſtinée ; ſon intelligence ſupréme ne ceſſoit de s'occuper de la délivrance de l'homme—de ſa délivrance du pouvoir tyrannique, et de la rapacité des faux paſteurs qui dévorent leurs troupeaux. Le père des dieux fit ſigne avec ſon ſceptre ; toutes les puiſſances céleſtes prêtent l'oreille en ſilence. Il ſecoue ſa tête parfumée d'ambroiſie, & avec un air plein de grace & de majeſté,

ODE

FOR THE 14TH OF JULY, 1791.

The Anniverſary of the French Federation in 1790, *and of the Taking of the Baſtille in* 1789.

I.

ON beds of gold the Gods reclin'd,
While Jove poſſeſs'd his ſtarry throne;
The rays of mercy on his viſage ſhone,
And man's redemption fill'd th' eternal mind;
Redemption from the tyrant's pow'r,
And fangs of prieſts who flocks devour:
The ſire his ſceptre wav'd with grace divine,
The pow'rs in ſilence mark'd the ſign,
While he his locks ambroſial ſhook,
And gracious, but with awful look,
Pronounc'd the word, "*Let man be free.*"

Tranſported

jeſté, il prononce ces paroles : " *que l'homme ſoit libre.*" Ravis du nouveau décret, touts les dieux ſe levent à l'inſtant : l'heureuſe nouvelle ſe propage avec rapidité, & tout l'Olympe retentit de cantiques de louanges & d'allégreſſe.

II.

Vêtu d'une longue robe de pourpre & couronné de lauvier, au milieu du chœur des muſes, Apollon accorde ſa lyre ſuperbe. Ils chantent les exploits de Jupiter, les exploits merveilleux de Jupiter, pendant ſa jeuneſſe : quand il lança ſa foudre brulante : quand ſon tonnerre ébranla l'univers, juſqu'à ce que le ſang impur des Titans eut changé la face du monde, en un ſpectacle hideux. A l'ouïe de ces divins accords, tout l'Olympe s'écrie, en pouſſant des cris de joie vifs & redoublés : " que le grand Jupiter règne à jamais ! Il a exalté l'homme, cet etre ſauvage et a demi civiliſé, qui ſent ſa céleſte origine : & qui, cependant, eſclave de ſes paſſions, eſt barbare envers ſes ſemblables."

Alors

Tranſported at the new decree,
Each godhead ſtarted from his bed;
Swiftly the joyful tidings ſpread,
And heav'n's high concave rang with praiſe and jubilee.

II.

In purple robes, that ſwept the ground,
With wreaths of laurel crown'd,
Amid the Muſes' quire,
Apollo tun'd his golden lyre;
The feats of Jove they ſung,
The wond'rous feats of Jove while young;
When his fiery bolts he hurl'd,
When his thunder ſhook the world,
Till blood of Titans ſlain,
With filthy forms disfigur'd all the plain.
The heav'nly hoſt, who heard the ſong,
Shouting loud, and ſhouting long,
Exclaimed: "Let mighty Jove for ever reign!"
Thro' heav'n a pleaſing murmur ran;
"Jove has elevated man;
"That peeviſh being, half-refin'd,
"Who feels the God within the mind,
"Yet, ſlave to ſelf, is barb'rous to his kind."

III.

Alors le père des hommes & des dieux incline majeſtueuſement ſon front auguſte, et un torrent de lumière le dérobe à touts les regards. Pendant que les dieux détournent leurs yeux éblouis, une étincelle divine, plus prompte que l'éclair, perce les nues, et touchant la terre, fait naître à l'inſtant, un amour inconnu juſqu' alors, la charité la plus illimittée. Ce fut ſur la France qu'elle tomba. Heureuſe contree ! un moment ſuffit pour l'enflammer : un moment ſuffit pour exalter l'ame ſenſible de ſes heureux habitants. Par tout ou voit éclater la plus douce philantropie ; par tout les loix maintiennent les droits des hommes : par tout ou execre les tyrans ; par tout ou ne voit regner que l'affection la plus fraternelle. Deſormais la liberté & l'amour le plus noble et le plus illimité rempliront touts les cœurs. Ces ſentimens ſublimes ne ſeront plus renfermés dans les bornes étroites, que les circonſtances ou les paſſions auront preſcrites : Les rives enſanglantées du Pérou ne gémiront plus ſous le fer des tyrans : les habitants opprimés de l'Aſie partageront les bienfaits du père de la nature : et toi, Africain infortuné, ne déſeſpère point ; ton Clarkſon ne ceſſera pas de s'intéreſſer à ton ſort, il ne ceſſera pas de reclamer, en ta faveur, cette liberté précieuſe dont l'avarice te prive ; juſqu'a ce qu'elle en rougiſſe, & qu'elle adopte des ſentiments plus humains.

O honte !

III.

Now the great father gave the nod,
And lo! a flood of glory hid the God.
While the celeſtials veil'd their eyes,
A ſpark emitted pierc'd the ſkies,
And ſwifter flew than light'ning flies;
Which, touching earth,
Gave inſtant birth
To love unfelt before, and boundleſs charities.
On Gaul it fell; at once it blaz'd;
At once the human mind was rais'd:
The philanthropic paſſion burſt,
The laws, the rights of man maintain'd,
Tyrants of every kind were crus'd,
And nought but love fraternal reign'd:
Love and freedom ſhall abound,
Not limited to nations round;
Peru's oppreſs'd and blood-ſtain'd ſhore
Shall wear the tyrant's chain no more;
Aſia's ſons Jove's gifts ſhall ſhare;
Nor thou, poor African deſpair;
Thy Clarkſon ſhall not ceaſe to plead for thee,
Till av'rice bluſh, and learn humanity.

IV.

O honte ! O douleur! Pourquoi faut-il que la terre produiſe des monſtres dénaturés! Dans ce moment même s'élèvent, à mes yeux, les ſpectres horribles des tyrans—le furieux Cortez, l'affreux Pizzare, le cruel Almagre, ces tigres, altérés de ſang humain, immolent houteuſement & ſans pitié, des millions de victimes. Mais qui peut ſou tenir la vue de l'execrable Di Luc, ce pontife inſatiable, cet abſurde théophage, qui juroit ſur ſon dieu de nager dans l'or & dans le ſang! Ah! détournous les yeux de ces horreurs, & contemplons plutôt ces regions fortunées, où, juſtes appreciateurs des vrais biens, des mortels généreux ne ſoupirent qu'après la liberté, & laiſſent aux ames ordinaires, le déſir immodéré des richeſſes.

V.

C'eſt aujourd' hui le grand, l'heureux jour, dans lequel la France a briſé ſes fers, & aſſuré ſa félicité. Exalté par cet effort ſublime, le Génie prend l'eſſor, il s'élance, il ſe tranſporte dans ces tems fortunés, où les myriades qui peuplent toutes les parties du monde habitable, viendront offrir leurs encens à l'autel de la liberté ; où Paris ſera regardé

IV.

O ſhame! O grief! that earth
Should give inhuman monſters birth!
E'en now, before my waking eyes,
The forms of tyrants riſe;
Cortez, whoſe heart the furies fear'd,
Pizzaro, with a fiend-like frown,
Almagro all with blood beſmear'd,
Their naked victims mowing down:
But O! what eye the ſight can brook
Of that infernal prieſt Di Luc,
Who eat his God, and, eating, ſwore,
To roll in gold, and wade in gore?
Fancy, from horrors turn away,
An Gallia's happy ſhores behold;
Her gen'rous ſons for freedom pray,
And leave to vulgar ſouls the thirſt of gold.

V.

This is the great, auſpicious morn,
When Gaul performed her work divine:
How many nations, yet unborn,
Shall incenſe bring to Freedom's ſhrine;
Lutetia's plains the land of virtue call,
And tell of demi-gods who dwelt in Gaul!

E'en

gardé, avec raiſon, comme le berceau de la vertu ; et où on s'entretiendra des demi-dieux, qui vecurent jadis dans cette heureuſe contrée. Aujourd'hui même, ſes illuſtres habitants ont quelque choſe de divin ; car certainement, ils ont une puiſſance plus qu' humaine, ces Etres favoriſés, que Jupiter a choiſis dans ſa ſageſſe, pour montrer aux hommes le chemin de la liberté, dont il veut qu'ils jouiſſent touts un jour. Elle eſt deſcendue du ciel cette flamme glorieuſe : ce rayon divin illuminera touts les eſprits : un enthouſiaſme ſacré embraſera toutes les ames, & la lumière la plus vive ſe répandra rapidement d'un bout du monde juſqu' à l'autre.

VI.

Les hommes reſſemblent aux dieux, quand un eſprit de paix & de fraternité en raſſemble des millions : animés de cet eſprit, des millions ſe ſont raſſemblés ſur les rives délicieuſes de la Seine : un ſentiment divin les a réunis, & ce même ſentiment leur a fait jurer : de ne ceſſer jamais, de ſe diſputer le prix de la vertu ; de vivre libres, ou de mourir de même. Heureuſe France ! le démon de l'ambition ne tourmentera plus tes paiſibles habitants : il ne ravagera plus ces plaines ſuperbes où la nature & l'induſtrie concourent à l'envi à augmenter leurs jouiſſances, ce démon cruel, qui a dépeuplé tant de nations, & dévaſti tant de royaumes ;

qui

E'en now her ſons like gods appear;
For more than human pow'rs have they,
Whom Jove, decreeing freedom here,
Hath ſingled out to lead the way.
From heav'n it came,
The glorious flame;
The ray divine
On all ſhall ſhine;
Enthuſiaſtic ardour fire the ſoul,
And one vaſt blaze of light extend from pole to pole.

VI.

We emulate the pow'rs above,
When millions meet in peace and love;
And millions met on Seine's fair ſhore;
In love they met, in love they ſwore
In virtue's ſacred cauſe to vie,
To live in freedom, or in freedom die.
Thrice happy Gaul! in thy ſweet plains
No more the fiend Ambition reigns;
That fiend, who nations has undone,
Who fancies millions made for one,
And dreams he honours man, whene'er he gilds his chains.

For

qui oſe penſer, dans ſa fureur inſenſée, que des millions d'Etres ſenſibles ont pu être créés, pour être aſſervis aux caprices d'un ſeul homme ; & qui croit honorer ſes triſtes victimes, en les chargeant de chaînes dorées. La flamme épurée de la liberté ne peut pas s'éteindre dans les cœurs magnanimes, qu' elle a une fois embraſés.——Affranchis à jamais de toute ſervitude, aucun François ne peut violer ſon ſerment ; aucun François ne peut renoncer à la liberté acquiſe. Le même eſprit animera touts les habitants de ce vaſte empire ; & la paix & l'abondance qu'on y verra règner, annonceront à toute la terre, qu'il eſt l'azile de la liberté.

VII.

Anglois ! célébrez le jour auguſte, qui a rendu la liberté à la France. Ecartez toute idée indigne des grands cœurs. Ceux qui le ſont véritablement, ne peuvent qu' aimer ceux qui leur reſemblent. Les François ſe ſont affranchis par leur valeur ; car la valeur a accompli ce que la philoſophie avoit commencé. Et, puiſque la liberté eſt en danger, ſans doute le moment heureux n'eſt pas éloigné, où la Grande Bretagne ſortira auſſi de ſon aſſoupiſſement, et chaſſera de ſon ſein la corruption ; avant que les calamités les plus funeſtes viennent l'accabler ; & que la guerre civile, & toutes ſes horreurs éclatent de toutes parts. Songeons donc, pendant qu'il en eſt encore tems, Songeons aux moyens de

détourner

For ever in the gallant heart
A patriotic flame muſt burn ;
No Frank can from his oath depart ;
No Frank to ſervitude return :
One generous ſpirit ſhall give life to all,
And peace and plenty prove that Freedom dwells in Gaul.

VII.

Let Britons celebrate the day,
Which liberty to Gallia gave ;
Away, ye jealous thoughts, away ;
The brave ſhould ever love the brave :
Gallia her freedom has by valour won ;
For valour finiſh'd that which wiſdom had begun.
And ſure, ſince freedom is at ſtake,
That happy hour is near at hand,
When Britain ſhall from ſlumber wake,
And drive corruption from the land :
Ere dire calamities her iſle befal,
And civil broil and horror burſt on all.

détourner l'affreuſe tempête qui nous menace. Sougeons que tout délai devient un crime ; & hâtons nous de commencer une réforme ſalutaire. Pendant que dans les champs éloignés de la Pologne, le payſan étonné voit tomber ſes chaînes, enſeignons à un peuple outragé à reprendre ſes droits ; à remonter à la ſource de la corruption, & à arreter ſon cours deſtructeur. L'aſſemblée nationale établie par le grand Alfred réme dicroit à touts les maux, & feroit renaître le patriotiſme dans touts les cœurs.

FIN.

Think then, ye worthies, think in time,
How to avert the threat'ning ſtorm;
Think that delay becomes a crime,
And O! begin the great reform:
While, in Polonia's diſtant plains,
Th' aſtoniſh'd peaſant drops his chains,
Teach a wrong'd people to reſume control;
To trace corruption to its ſource,
And ſtop its deſolating courſe:
Great Alfred's folk-mote would reclaim the whole,
And into every breaſt infuſe a patriot ſoul.

FINIS.